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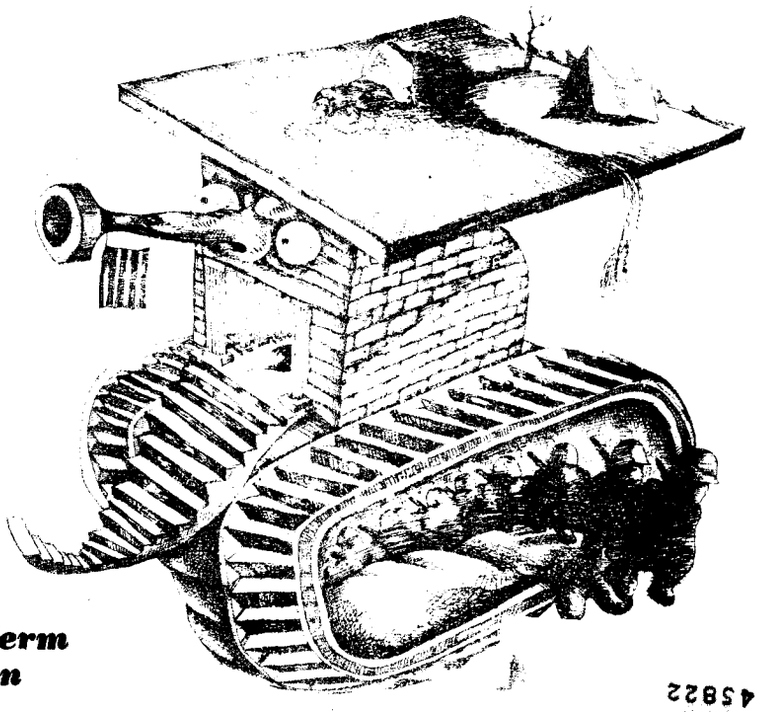
commonweal

ANTHONY MOHR

DIRTY TRICKS ON CAMPUS



Spring Term Education Issue

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JOHN C. CORT BLACK AND WHITE IN BOSTON
KENNETH AMAN ORGANIZING ALMA MATER
SISYPHUS 'TWAS IN JANUARY IN '75
JORDAN BISHOP THE SUBSIDIZED SOCIETY
MICHAEL MURRAY AMERICA'S BIG BEN
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. PORTRAIT OF A LADY
JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI CATHOLICS LOOK AT JEWS
DENNIS O'BRIEN THE PLACE OF HISTORY IN HISTORY
ALSO: CARLO A. WEBER, DENNIS HALE, MARK TAYLOR
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NEWS & VIEWS

Who's Alive in '75?

The *Christian Century* welcomed the new year by presenting a list of the 20 living persons most likely to make the gloom more bearable and lift our spirits in 1975. Its nominees:

C.F. Beyers Naudé, who heads the Christian Institute of Southern Africa; Elie Wiesel, writer of fiction, fuser of religious vision; John Adams, United Methodist clergyman, unofficial liaison between radicals and the establishment; Frederick Buechner, novelist and author of "fine popular works of Christian apology"; Jeannette Piccard, ex-deacon, balloonist, scientist, and at 80 an Episcopal priest.

Also, Andrew Young, United Church of Christ clergyman and newly re-elected to Congress; Dom Helder Pessoa Câmara of Recife-Olinda, Brazil, "a pastoral hierarch"; John Howard Yoder, biblical scholar, pacifist, Mennonite; Oliver Messiaen, a leader in the musical world, "a Catholic who thinks that music should communicate 'lofty sentiments . . . and, in particular, the loftiest of all: religious sentiments' "; Dorothy Day, "our first senior citizen" and "pacesetter."

Also, Leighton Ford, evangelist and social thinker; John H. Tietjen, dismissed head of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis; Jean Jadot, new Apostolic Delegate to the U.S., departure from the "repressive, defensive, crabby types"; Foy Valentine, head of the Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention; Jacques Ellul, French lawyer, quickener of consciences of "somnolent Christians" to problems of social justice, technology, etc.

Also, Roger Schutz, prior of the monastic community at Taizé in France; Daniel Tji Hak Soun, Catholic Bishop of Wonju, South Korea; Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Nobel laureate and "witness when so many settle back"; Paulo Freire, late of Brazil, now of Geneva, sensitizer of consciences; Pat Crowley, a founder of the Christian Family Movement, now an ecumenical group.

The Crowley citation expands: "A busy lawyer who gave generously for politics (Eugene McCarthy was his candidate) and in whose home about 100 foster children or foreign students spent a year or more, he has been thought of as a kind of saint in his time. He died last fall. Alive in '75, you ask? The Christian says Yes. His works do follow him."

A New Concordat

The Colombian Congress has ratified a new concordat with the Vatican, replacing that of 1887. Its most signficant change is the termination of the 1953 "Treaty on Missions," which gave to Catholic religious orders exclusive rights to evangelism and education in so-called mission territories. Protestants and other missionaries now have rights of their own.

The new Concordat also opens the way to civil marriage for Catholics without their having to abjure their faith, and to divorce for non-religiously married Colombians (a provision widely criticized as inadequate in scope). The Concordat continues to provide state aid to Catholic schools.

Article 1 of the old concordat specified that "The Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion is the religion of Colombia." The new one declares: "The State, in view of the traditional Catholic sentiment of the Colombian nation, considers the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion as an essential element of the common welfare and of the integral development of the national community. The state guarantees to the Catholic Church and to those who belong to it the full enjoyment of their religious rights without prejudice to the just religious liberty of other confessions and their members, as well as those of every citizen."

The Colombian Evangelical Confederation of Churches, representing 300,000 Protestant Christians in Colombia, has pronounced the concordat "an infringement of religious liberty."

Now Let's Itemize

Under the title "Unfulfilled," *The Wall Street Journal* for Jan. 3 published Gail Cooke's musing on the Connecticut clergyman who specified that there were 426 sins, no more no less:

A minister has just announced,
According to his discipline,
There are four-hundred-twenty-six
Quite different kinds of sin.
Perhaps the kind pastor
Will publish a list—
I'd like an idea
Of what I've missed.

Odds and Ends

—*Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko has expained why he did not run against Mayor Richard J. Daley for the Chicago maoralty: "I didn't have the proper credentials. My press secretary wasn't a convicted grafter. My City Council leader wasn't a convicted grafter. The man I made Governor wasn't a convicted grafter. My former protégé and neighbor wasn't about to go on trial as a grafter. My cousin wasn't being called before a grand jury. None of my friends had taken race track stock. My kids didn't get legal fees from the firms that do business with the city." Under the circumstances, how could he be a serious candidate, Royko asked. "What proof did I have that I loved Chicaguh?"

—With embellishment by a Sorel cartoon, the *Village Voice* cites as a Great Moment in Theology Billy Graham's theorem about golf being a parable for the Christian life. Stance is important; keep your eye on the ball; follow through. If these steps are followed, Graham's promise is a greeting at the clubhouse by "the greatest pro of all time, Jesus Christ."

—The rehabilitation of the *Brooklyn Tablet* continues. A *National Review* editorial initialed WFB speaks of the paper becoming "squishy soft on Communism, religious orthodoxy, and world federalism."

JOHN DEEDY

Old Mole/LNS

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CORRESPONDENCE

'New' Catholic Novels

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: I was pleased to see Robert E. Lauder's piece on the Catholic novel [Oct. 15] because of its basic affirmation of such fiction as well as its focus on two excellent Catholic novelists, Graham Greene and Walker Percy. While agreeing with what I take to be Lauder's main point—namely, that such fiction has changed to keep pace with redevelopments in the theological consciousness of the Catholic community since Vatican II—I do, however, find his treatment of the recent Greene somewhat inadequate.

Why does Lauder fail to deal with Greene's most recent novel in any depth? Although a case can be made that *The Honorary Consul* represents new developments in Greene's theological thinking (for example, in its "realized" eschatology and in its hints of a "process" God), Lauder does no more than acknowledge the "popularity" of this book, which has been available for over a year, and which deserves to be ranked among Greene's finest religious novels.

If he had included an analysis of this 1973 novel, I suspect the contrast Lauder was attempting to establish between Greene and Percy would have been less neat. For example, Lauder opposes Greene's priests to Percy's doctors, noting that "the vocation of doctor is more humble, more ordinary, but it fits Percy's vision of man's living commitment to serve mankind." In *The Honorary Consul* Greene draws both priest and doctor, and in some measure dissolves the traditional role definitions. Although it is Father Rivas who celebrates the final Mass, both Charley Fortnum (the honorary British Consul) and Doctor Plarr are depicted as confessors to Rivas. Conversely, at one juncture Plarr thinks of Rivas as a doctor: "All of us are his patients . . . we are all about to die." (Graham Greene, *The Honorary Consul*; New York:

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CHURCH AND SYNAGOGUE

Some of the dust has settled from initial negative reaction to the Vatican document intended as the practical implementation of Vatican Council II's directives on Catholic-Jewish relations, and it is hoped that now the guidelines can be seen for what in fact they are: a substantive contribution towards furtherance of mutual understanding and renewed mutual esteem between the two communities of faith.

With others—including Father John T. Pawlikowski, who writes elsewhere in this issue—we share disappointment that the document did not address itself to Israel, and that it is open to misunderstanding on the sensitive question of conversion from Judaism to Christianity. On the latter issue, we prefer to believe, along with Father Edward Flannery of the U.S. Bishops' Secretariat for Catholic-Jewish Relations, that the document's one-sentence reference to a "universal mission" does not imply a particular mission to the Jews, much less that it is to be applied to the Christian-Jewish dialogue encouraged by the document.

On the matter of Israel, it is less easy to intellectualize. The Vatican document had much to make plain: that non-Christians are not *de facto* spiritually incomplete; that Israel is a fact of life; that God's covenant with Israel is enduring and complete of itself. Failure to approach these topics was no oversight; an earlier draft of the document did handle them. One is forced then to the conclusion that "diplomacy" intruded—or, more brutally, "politics"—in the form of concern about Arab reaction, the safety of the Holy Places, etc. Much as we appreciate that theologizing and ecumenics cannot take place in political vacuums, we still wince when these areas of the mind and spirit are ignobly tailored by politics.

On the other hand, this is a setback that can be redeemed. The very first section of the guidelines deals with dialogue and urges joint study of the fundamental convictions of Judaism and Christianity. A starting point here might well be the topic of Israel—indeed, must be. For Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum's proposition is inescapable: it is a distortion to attempt a definition

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and understanding of contemporary Jewish religious experience without due comprehension and acceptance of the inextricable bonds of God, People, Torah and Promised Land. This must be the first business of the new dialogue.

It is a consolation that critics of the Vatican document are not as turned-off to the document as a whole as early press accounts made them seem, and that more typical is Rabbi Tanenbaum, who articulated some deep reservations as a spokesman for the International Jewish Committee for Interreligious Consultations. Reservations notwithstanding, he still credits the document as being "constructive and timely." It is all of that.

The document reiterates, and builds, on the Vatican II teaching that the trial and death of Jesus cannot be blamed on all Jews then living, without distinction, nor upon the Jews of today. In the context then of spiritual bonds and historical links, the document envisions common prayer; an exploration of the common elements of the liturgical life in which the Bible has an essential role; research and collaboration between Christian and Jewish scholars in the fields of exegesis, theology, history and sociology; a joint social-action effort that will see Jews and Christians working together in search of justice and peace at every level—local, national and international; and the creation of commissions or secretariats to implement conciliar directives and the guidelines of the document itself. Overall, it is an effort that must be pursued, the document specifies, "even in areas where no Jewish communities exist."

American Catholics have had a set of guidelines for relations with Jews since 1967, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith cited these the other day as being in some respects more specific and advanced than those of the Vatican document. This does not mean, however, that the Vatican document may be discounted here. It remains a vital and extensive blueprint that will benefit Catholic-Jewish understandings only to the extent that it is taken seriously by all.

MR. FORD'S PROPOSALS

If you pay attention, you will be able to hear a couple of cheers for President Ford from this corner. On economic matters Mr. Ford has always had two problems. First of all, he is himself by instinct and training a true-blue economic conservative, as he demonstrated in vote after vote during his service in the House. Secondly, since he entered the White House he has been surrounded by an inherited cabal of economic advisers committed to what one of them called "that old-time religion"—the notion that all will be well if only we cut federal spending and balance the budget, not a bad prescription in some circumstances but all wrong for the problems the country faces at this moment. For both these reasons Mr. Ford has until now insisted that inflation was the real enemy, that there was no recession, and that no pump-priming was called for—indeed, that a surtax was in order to drain off inflation-causing spending power. From this rock-bound position the President repeatedly pledged that he would never do a 180-degree turn. Now he has had sense enough to change his mind, executing at least a 179-degree switch, and he should therefore get credit for having the courage to eat his own words.

Applause, then, for Mr. Ford's change of direction. Disagreement, however, on particulars.

The President's proposals fall into two categories, although they are admittedly related. Experts will argue the details of each for months to come, but in our view the general thrust of both is at least correct. No one wants to make inflation worse, but outside of the White House more and more economists agree that pump-priming is essential to get the economy going again. The problem is that Mr. Ford's long-range plan to reduce income taxes favors low- and middle-income people; his quick tax cut does not. It can be argued that the only purpose of the immediate tax cut is to give the economy a quick shot in the arm; however, no chance should be missed to undo some of the inequities in the tax laws. Congress should therefore amend this Ford proposal. But one of the things we particularly like about the President's economic proposals is the feature providing for negative income tax payments for the poor. True, the money involved for the average low-income family is not very much right now, but the point is that enactment would establish a highly desirable principle, and we welcome it.

As for the President's suggestions for dealing with the petroleum crisis, we would ourselves have favored a different approach. The proposed tax on each barrel of imported oil has advantages, but it will sharply raise the price of utilities and home heating, thus giving inflation another unneeded boost, and it will work severe hardship in the industrial states of the Northeast. The real villain in the present petroleum picture is the private automobile, and it is vital that the mileage Americans drive be reduced, thus directly cutting back our dependence on imported fuel. For this reason we would have preferred a direct attempt to reduce the amount of gasoline consumed, either by a rationing system or by a tax on gasoline only, with provision for hardship cases and with a large part of the revenue channeled to the poor and the aged, and it is our hope that Congress will follow this line of reasoning rather than that suggested by Mr. Ford. Nonetheless, the President's proposal represents for the first time a serious attempt to deal with the energy crisis, and for this as well as for his economic switch he deserves credit. The President has proposed; now let Congress dispose, but speedily.

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'TWAS IN JANUARY IN '75

If ever a standard definition of politics as being the art of the possible needed to be proved out, this is the year.

At home and abroad, things are between a rock and a hard-place.

Domestically, the jobless rate this year is expected to exceed 8 percent. Prices, outstripping wages, will continue their lineal ascent. It's costing as much as 80 percent more in the Metropolitan area for electricity than it did a year ago. Young members of minority groups are beginning to understand the meaning of their fathers' folk-wisdom: "last hired; first fired." Sections of the Voting Rights Act expire this year and Jim Allen of Alabama may gain a seat on the narrowly divided Senate Judiciary Committee which has jurisdiction over renewal legislation.

Beyond our 200-mile continental limit, Britain and Western European countries are into their worst economic times since they rebuilt themselves out of the rubble of World War II. They find that the Arabs have the oil, the multinationals have the tankers and the competition among buyers is fierce—the Market appears somewhat more Uncommon than Common these days. Then there's the UN which now welcomes muggers to its rostrum. Mrs. Gandhi discerns virtues in the PLO of Arafat. Maybe she'll cable the homeless gangster, Meyer Lansky, and give him refuge while she's in the mood. After all, Israel expelled him a few years ago which should give him Class A credentials from her point of view—besides, Lansky is offering one million dollars to any nation that will let him in.

And, in general, our government and others operate increasingly on a theory that what is not forbidden must be made mandatory. George Orwell, the secular prophet, may have known something in advance, at that.

And yet . . .

The keener minds in Washington encouragingly continue to operate on a Camusian premise that however pessimistic one's intelligence, one's will should remain optimistic.

Fear can be a greater energizer than oil and a dash of Grand Rapids optimism is welcome—an intangible that eludes Gallup and Harris pollsters in the course of their periodic computations. It's not yet time to curl up on the couch for the duration with Spengler or Joe Alsop —or both.

Economically, it could be worse, however unacceptable the unemployment rate is now. The highest rate recorded during the 1930s Depression was 24.9 per cent in 1933; even in 1940, the rate was 14.6 percent. It's not quite time to buy wheelbarrows for the weekly shopping trip. And higher electricity rates may restore cohesion to the American family as they gather together in the only room that the old man can afford to have lighted.

It's becoming somewhat tiresome to hear about how President Ford played star center on the Michigan football team and suffered accordingly, or he can't think and chew gum at the same time. Senator Glenn of Ohio, after all, slipped and fell in his bathroom—can he then not chew gum and shower at the same time? The answer is that both men can do both—and do.

There are legitimate differences as to how to cut taxes —by rebate or by deductions. Whether to impose comprehensive wage-and-price controls or to impose selective controls. And, with or without the assistance of Alan Greenspan, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and exponent of the mischievous Ayn Rand philosophy of "objectivism," Jerry Ford is beginning to tread water, if not swim, in the presidential pool of domestic problems. He'll never do great, but he's all we have for now. Some matters, as all except the most partisan of congressional Democrats are beginning to acknowledge, are too serious to go to war about.

Although it has permitted itself to become somewhat a marginal institution of government, the Congress is staging a comeback. There's no super-bowl quality about the comeback to attract Howard Cosell's attention, but encouraging changes can be identified.

During the two-year 93d Congress that adjourned last December, three major steps were taken:

1. Funds were eliminated for military land actions by our forces in Indochina.

2. The authority of a President to commit troops to combat overseas was defined and narrowed and made subject to congressional veto.

3. A comprehensive, methodical system was established for supervising the federal budget, which now totals more than $300-billion annually. The resulting two budget committees of the Senate and House of Representatives and a supporting "Congressional Budget Office" won't be tested as to their efficacy until two or three years have passed, but the undertaking, long overdue, is underway.

The internal machinery of the House has been somewhat altered and Common Cause began 1975 by challenging the Senate to follow the example of the House. These alterations have been achieved, or made possible, by a fact seldom noticed—more than half of the membership of the 535-member Congress has been replaced within the last 10 years. This changed condition enabled the dozens of new members in mid-January to summon

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the elderly baronial committee chairmen to a meeting where the latter were questioned as to how and why they operated the legislative committees as they did and why these matters should be changed. Sixteen percent of the membership of the House are first-term members. The chairmen were summoned and they came, including unrepentant war hawks such as Representative Hebert of Louisiana, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and Representative Patman of Texas, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, who at 81 is an ineffective economic populist. The committee chairmen were shaking their heads for days afterwards at the boldness of the new members and the day of the Senate committee chairmen for a similar reckoning, but somewhat more genteel and at a committee level, looms ahead. The meeting called by the House freshmen members was comparable somewhat to a situation in which 9th grade parochial school pupils summon the teaching nuns to inform them there should be fewer catechism classes and no homework.

Admittedly, this meeting dealt primarily with procedural matters, not ones of legislative substance. But there is every indication that the newer House members will somehow frame a national economic program to contrast with that of the President's. Indeed, for the first time in a generation, the House will be more "liberal" than the Senate, which may serve during the new 94th Congress, as George Washington envisioned it serving, the saucer into which the hot drink of the House is poured to cool. One major House offering will be a comprehensive national health bill.

The Senate, on the other hand, in its windy, posturing John Barrymore manner, will seek to assert itself further in matters of foreign policy. The Pentagon is urging the President to save the skin of Nguyen Van Thieu, President of beleaguered South Vietnam. But Senators in Washington in advance of the convening of the new Congress didn't seem responsive. Majority Leader Mansfield said, in effect, the United States should no longer be Thieu's banker. So did Republicans. And little noticed in the newly enacted foreign-assistance act is this clause: "The Congress finds that the cease-fire provided for in the Paris Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring the Peace in Vietnam has not been observed by *any* of the Vietnamese parties to the conflict."

La guerre may be finie there, but the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, nonetheless, will have a difficult time containing the Defense Department from finding projects for its 2-million-member military force, including flotillas, fighter planes and rockets, funded by Congress in the amount of approximately $80-billion.

The domestic and foreign problems are complex. Overall, there are a growing number of concerned persons in responsible positions to encourage a belief that we'll manage some of the ferociously formidable business of the day.

In America, an observer from abroad once commented, things are never as good as they appear or as bad as they seem.

A smallish nugget, perhaps, but one that Sisyphus is willing to start rolling up his Hill in January, 1975.

SISYPHUS

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LIFE IN CANADA

THE SUBSIDIZED SOCIETY

A few weeks ago an advertising campaign was launched in the Canadian media, with the sincere flavor usually employed to sell soaps and deodorants. They weren't selling anything; they were giving it away. The adverts appealed to people with ideas to present them (in proper form) to the local Canada Manpower office. As another winter approached, another season of LIP was about to begin.

LIP (Local Initiative Projects) can happen around almost anything. If there are trees to be planted, hiking or snowmobile trails to be built, day care centers to be organized and staffed, or any of a hundred other ideas, original or unoriginal, that will "create" jobs (ten is enough) at one hundred dollars a week, the Federal Government will recognize the business and the honest taxpayers' money will pay the wages—which are themselves subject to taxes.

Health care is a provincial matter, and arrangements vary from one province to another. In Nova Scotia a hefty seven percent sales tax (food, clothing and baby blankets excluded) insures health care for residents of the province and insures the medical profession against unpaid bills. A sales tax is regressive, but with the sales tax pre-empted by MSI (Medical Services Insurance) it can't be levied for anything else. The coverage is excellent, and under the Canada Assistance plan the Federal Government subsidizes health and welfare programs to the tune of fifty percent. This year MSI is to extend coverage to dental care for children and prescription drugs for senior citizens.

Family allowances were raised last year to twenty dollars a month per child—from six dollars—and are now subject to income tax. Income taxes are of course progressive, so the family allowance is wiped out for

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anyone making thirty-nine thousand a year or over.

Cuts in military spending have raised questions in Parliament. The big worry voiced by opponents of such cuts is not Soviet missile development, but the loss of civilian jobs around the country. One high-ranking military spokesman, queried by a reporter on the danger of an invasion from the United States (the only invasion that appears feasible to most Canadians) answered with a straight face and no obvious irony that enough resistance would have to be made to show that we were serious about it. The real question is still jobs, not tanks.

Noises are still made in some sectors about free enterprise and the capitalist system, but the welfare state is well established, and the welfare of the capitalists themselves has a high priority. In the 1972 election campaign David Lewis, then leader of the NDP (New Democratic Party, Canada's voice for democratic socialism), centered his campaign, with florid examples, on "corporate welfare bums." As an entertainment, it was enjoyed by all; but the corporations lost no sleep over it and his opponents yawned and said in effect that tax reform was old hat.

In the 1974 campaign the Liberals, after two years of minority government, won a comfortable majority and settled down to improve a system that provides subsidies for almost everyone, from the corporations to dirt farmers to unemployed revolutionaries. The difference may be that while the elusive but real LIP grants are annual, one-shot affairs (a feature that allows for control of any projects that might upset the system), the subsidies for the more affluent sectors of the economy are built in on a permanent basis.

After his 1972 campaign Mr. Lewis and the NDP caucus, holding the balance of power in Parliament, threatened to bring the government down if tax concessions were given to the "corporate welfare bums." There was no danger, as Mr. Lewis himself was well aware; the Tories, baying hard for power on the heels of Mr. Trudeau's precarious government, voted with Trudeau on that one. It was their first real chance to divide the Liberals and their NDP supporters—but the price was too high.

It is hard to imagine anything in Canada that is not subsidized in one way or another. The problem, which Canada shares with most post-industrial societies, has been defined by John Capstick, an economist from Cape Breton Island (in Canada we are supposed to laugh when Cape Breton or Newfoundland are mentioned) as follows: the system for producing wealth is more efficient than the system for distributing it. The Liberals might not define it that way, but their response has been to cope with the problem of distribution on an ad hoc basis.

Some three years ago a Senate Commission on poverty recommended a more permanent solution: a guaranteed annual income pegged somewhere *below* the poverty line. Mr. Trudeau alleged that the country could not afford it. The truth is that it might substitute an efficient means of distributing wealth for the present inefficient ones. It might even put some minor bureaucrats on the receiving end of such subsidies, instead of on the dispensing end. So while the proposal was no more radical than might be expected from a Senatorial Commission, the Liberal response continues to be a myriad of ad hoc measures, subsidies to meet very real needs assumed to be temporary, with only a growing awareness of the fact that many of them must inevitably become permanent.

There are programs for senior citizens ("New Horizons"), programs for ethnic groups centered around the exciting discovery that Canada is not only bilingual but multicultural. Under the multicultural program folk dancing and crafts have blossomed. A not atypical example is a grant to the Cape Breton Irish Benevolent Society to research and write a history of the Irish in that predominantly Scottish corner of Canada.

OFY (Opportunities for Youth) has been as wide-ranging as LIP. One group of New Leftists got a grant to produce a tendentious pamphlet on the turbulent labor history of Cape Breton Island, looking back to the days when Cape Breton miners rebelled against John L. Lewis' international union *because it was too conservative.* In the '20s miners in New Waterford proclaimed a soviet that had to be dissolved by the intervention of the militia. Today Cape Breton boasts the only socialist MP from East of the Ottawa river—he is a Catholic priest.

A cynic might note that the establishment is alive and well, and that subsidies work much better than militia. The bland tranquillity of most of English-speaking Canada provides an eloquent witness to the success of Liberal strategy—one sometimes suspects that the ad hockery is not haphazard or bumbling, but part of a plan.

Canada is different. Ask any resident draft-resister. It is not as bland as it often appears, but on the whole subsidies are more effective than mace and riot guns—and possibly as deadly. The overall impression is that of a great snake eating its own tail. One wonders if it can possibly last, until, having finished, it turns inside out and starts all over again. JORDAN BISHOP

(Jordan Bishop, a regular contributor, teaches at the College of Cape Breton in Nova Scotia.)

COMING

THE ABORTION DECISION:
TWO YEARS LATER

Raymond G. Decker
Walter R. Trinkaus

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DIRTY TRICKS ON CAMPUS

ANTHONY MOHR

Vocational training for would-be politicians

Dateline August 6, 1968, the Hilton Plaza Hotel, Miami Beach. The eve of the Republican National Convention. I was a member of Richard Nixon's campaign staff; and on that particular night, I was helping some delegates get drunk.

One particularly gangling man was detailing his exploits in a Georgia county. "I love politics," he said with a slur, " 'cause I like to play dirty. I played dirty in school and still do. I'm the Gut Man of the county!"

I let him ramble. He claimed that he was a county chairman and consistently "beat those Democrats' asses." Then he insisted on revealing one of his pranks:

"Back in '64 someone mailed me an LBJ pamphlet, you know, one of those they circulated around Harlem. Lyndon with his hand on some Negro fellow. Well, I got this friend, see? He's a printer, and I sent this pamphlet to him. He ran off a few thousand copies; I got some of the boys together; and we staked out the town newspaper at 3 a.m."

The delegate paused and gulped his bourbon. He looked much more innocent than he was. His short hair was sandy-colored; and when he grinned, he could pass for the parish priest.

"We found out which copies were going to the white suburbs and slipped pamphlets into every one."

He took another swallow.

"Man, did those folks squawk. You could hear 'em clear across the holler. I'll bet we got Barry [Goldwater] two thousand votes that night. Ain't that fun?"

I acknowledged that he was clever and eventually moved on to another delegate. The Georgia county chairman receded from my memory until the morning of June 17, 1972, when events at a plush Washington apartment complex reminded me of his tale. Even then I dismissed him; but on the morning of President Gerald Ford's inauguration, a small article in the *Los Angeles Times* suggested that Americans are prepared to dismiss the past year's scandals as a national aberration, a fluke in our otherwise virtuous character. One particular remark surfaced from that night in Miami Beach: "I used to play dirty in school and still do."

The remark occurs in most Watergate-related conversations. Someone observes that at least seven members of the Nixon White House passed through the University of Southern California and played key roles in that school's government. (Dwight Chapin, Tim Elbourne, H. R. Haldeman, who attended USC until 1946 but graduated from UCLA, Gordon Strachan, Donald Segretti, and Ron Ziegler. Michael Guhin of the staff of the National Security Council also graduated from USC, but has been unconnected with Watergate.) The politics they learned was called "ratfucking," and the term lingered through the Nixon years. "Every year at USC is a Watergate," says journalism professor Fred Coonradt, who has advised the *Daily Trojan* since 1948. Two secret societies dominated the campus. Under their cloaks USC men stuffed ballot boxes, ransacked campaign headquarters, bribed opponents out of races, distributed illegal material, burned ballots and spread manure around polling places to prevent women from voting. California Assemblyman Walter Karabian '60 captures the mood well when he recalls, "They didn't regard it as an exercise in democracy, just fun."

But the inescapable conclusion is that the USC ethos

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is not unique. At present its veterans may be the most glaring extrapolation of an overgrown "in crowd," but scores of other colleges and high schools in the country have produced similar cliques. This is no secret. In these same discussions, others always recount their own adventures from college days, stunts designed to foul up student elections. These anecdotes are shared with glee. No great insight is necessary to realize that the storytellers enjoyed their work. Rigging the student council was great sport, the same kind of fun that my friend from Georgia experienced at 3 a.m. in the garage of some newspaper delivery-boy.

A protracted flashback through some of these anecdotes is revealing:

Item: The night before a nomination assembly at a midwestern college in 1968, four campaign workers kept their opponent up all night. Every 15 minutes they called his house. When he disconnected the phone, they reported it and the phone company put a howler on the line. At 5 a.m. they sent an ambulance to the house. The following morning the lad performed abysmally and lost. No one believed his story.

Item: Vanderbilt University, 1970. ROTC was a roaring issue that year, and the one candidate for student president who was an ROTC cadet seemed a sure loser. As a last minute prank, the fraternities on campus decided to support the lad and stuffed their ballot boxes for him. He easily won. No one would have known what happened if one of the others had not demanded a recount. The total number of ballots far exceeded the number of registered voters.

Item: California State University, Northridge. Ballot box stuffing has been commonplace on that campus, but it seldom is checked because, in the words of one graduate, "everyone's too apathetic. Who really cares?"

Item: Stanford University—in the mid 1960s a group published fake polls showing that campus opinion either supported an issue in their campaign platform or opposed a suggestion of their opponents'.

Item: Again, Stanford—one night twenty masked Delta Tau Delta men kidnapped antiwar Student Body President David Harris and shaved his head. The stunt was grounded in the nascent competition between the fraternities who traditionally ran student government and the campus left which was reaching for control.

Item: University of North Carolina—in 1966 two political parties dominated student government, and undergraduates ostensibly picked their candidates at open conventions. One caucus rented several pornographic movies and advertised that they would be screened the night of the conventions. Most students opted for skin, and the interlopers had the nominating conventions to themselves.

Item: Wesleyan University—in February 1967 fourteen people vied for the college body council. The night of the final election, supporters of one Bob Svensk, an unannounced contestant, slipped the following notice under every door on campus:

> "Bob's qualities are manifold: a beautiful Nordic facade keeps well hidden not only his intelligence but his indifference. Actually, a magnificent high school career suggests untapped potential, and there is no doubt that—the fall social world having floated into the past—he does have considerable time to devote to campus affairs . . .
>
> "Bob . . . was unable to locate North College, and was thus unable to figure out what the issues were this year. In any event Bob's happy; he likes it here and hopes that everyone else does. . . ."

Svensk outpolled every one of the official candidates.

Item: USC deserves another mention. Assemblyman Karabian remembers that one time a secret society "painted insults all over the jock fraternity house so they'd get mad enough to go vote for the [secret society's] candidate who was a football player. It worked." And on February 17, 1961, someone broke into the University office and stole the entire USC election code, every single copy. President Norman Topping virtually suspended student government after this incident, and eleven days after, one of the societies surfaced with Watergater Dwight Chapin as co-chairman.

It is understood that although Watergate was a serious attempt to usurp a large number of civil liberties, the affair was perpetrated by a number of overgrown fraternity boys who had yet to shed their notion that electoral politics was pure sport. What is not realized is that even though the nightmare is over, the potential for future bad dreams will remain until we attack the stimuli. And one major stimulus is the attitude our schools foster with respect to electoral politics.

Almost every college and high school in the United States has some form of student government. This usually involves a council presided over by elected officers. Each class has its own popularly elected leadership. In a burst of magnanimity, school principals usually add boys and girls leagues, club relations boards, and spirit committees, all with their respective hierarchies. There are freshmen representatives to girls leagues, pep club representatives on the sophmore class council, senior class observers on the honor board. Colleges usually slap on additional organs like dorm councils and interfraternity committees. On paper these bureaucracies appear formidable. Anybody who has been around an American school, however, knows that their government is usually a travesty.

Such impotence is due to a maxim that school officials hold dear: student government is a learning laboratory in which participants role-play at democracy without hurting anybody. They get all the excitement of the political fray with none of the risks. The idea is rather seductive; and many intelligent people have embraced it over the years. One of the most lucid defenses comes

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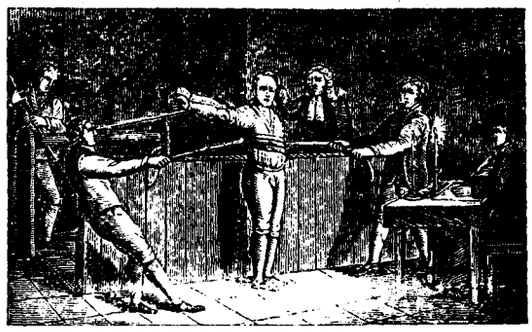
from Daniel Yergin, a former student body president. Writing in the Beverly Hills High School newspaper ten years ago, Yergin expressed his disgust with "an ignorant minority which, reaping the benefits of others' efforts, screeches that student government is a farce. They just don't know what they are talking about." Yergin went on to insist that student goverment functions as a laboratory "for students to work together as learners and members in effective undertakings. The experience cannot be judged on price—no matter what is read or told. The only way abilities can be tested are in practice—in the leagues, the classes, and the clubs."

Yergin's logic is fine as long as there are "effective undertakings" from which one learns. It falters at the point where a new student leader finds that he no longer can do anything. He shifts from a campaign that probably went quite unsupervised by school authorities to a life frustrated by a maze of rules and guidelines. In many schools the most significant feat attainable by student leaders is the date and location of the yearly prom. Richard Buck, a former class president at Dartmouth, remembers that school's Undergraduate Council. After



bumbling through several farcical years, "Their one big monumental achievement was voting themselves out of existence."

The result is that winning elections is the only challenge and the only reward. There is no accountability for being a lazy student body president. In fact there is a premium on nonfeasance. To fulfill a campaign platform is to court sharp reprimands, with harsher sanctions not far behind. The only place where imagination counts is in the campaign's mechanics. Viewed in this context, the learning laboratory is dangerous; for systems following the concept beg people to be at once manipulative and competitive but then encourage the victors to do nothing more than gloat, virtual *rois fainéants*.

Small wonder that anybody who would like to do something constructive with his time ventures nowhere near the local student body office. In high school the upshot is to abandon the learning laboratory to children who only want another college qualification. In college the spoils go to the carefree behaviorists who view the whole structure as a testing ground for pop sociology, more amenable to pranks than to effective legislation. In such an atmosphere, issue-oriented campaigns must become anomalous. Often college elections are won by the contender who insists that government *is* a farce. Hence the Wesleyan experience. At the University of Cincinnati, fraternity candidates used to admit that their platforms were devoid of issues and still won. Everyone at UCLA knew that their leaders "ate at Lawry's and went flying around on ASUCLA money," one privately admitted. Campaigns required no substance, just form. Sometimes it seemed that the voters wanted to be duped.

Probably because they do not perceive the student candidate as a threat, most principals and deans never bother to monitor him until he wins. Yet the campaigns are precisely where people get hurt and where incipient bosses could use a lesson in sportsmanship. At many affluent high schools the races become a spending contest. At USC secret societies often pumped over $4000 into a single campaign. At other schools fist fights and name-calling are rife. One girl in Orange County filed for an office and was branded a Communist. The administration did nothing. At another Northern California high school, three people planted dope on a candidate and forced him out of the running. Ten years ago a Beverly Hills High election was rocked by wholesale ballot stuffing. Even though the proof was solid and even though many of the offices were cliffhangers, members of the administration closed their eyes. The reason: they were frightened that the student body presidency would change. The winner by five votes was the principal's favorite. The loser, one Richard Dreyfuss ("American Graffiti," "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravetz"), was anything but safe in the deans' eyes.

We should pause at the Beverly experience because it collects the themes underscoring this article. The first stage was disillusionment. Some of us still believed in the learning laboratory. That evaporated when the administration coldly told student council that the problem would be solved their way. No office would change hands except the secretary of the senior class, in which the margin had been a single vote. They offered to create the position of "corresponding secretary" for the loser, but the girl curtly rejected it.

The next phase was resignation. Only no one resigned; the winners remained on and made sure their student council would be wild with apathy. If our fiefdom existed at the sufferance of three adults, then at least we would enjoy it and not even bother serving our constituents. For the fun of it we lifted refreshments from after-game dances and disposed of them at private parties. I cannot begin to count the number of hall passes that were forged. Buddies and girl friends ended up in every appointed office. The Chief Justice of Student Court never called a single session. "I've got it on my college record," the jurist explained. "I don't care anymore."

Phase Three took longer to crystallize. Elections at that high school usually had been issue-oriented, at least

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to some extent. Now even that pretense vanished. The contests were admitted popularity polls. Within a year the victors were admitting their desire to do nothing for the voters, and the voters loved it. The next few elections saw flagrant abuses of the rules, ranging from unauthorized publicity to telephone threats.

That American educators have overlooked these consequences for so many years is surprising. To those who graduated during the morally grey era of the mid-1960s, the effects are so obvious that they require no mention. The only reason they appear here is to underscore the warning that Richard Nixon's resignation does not signal the final exorcism of political rot. Plenty of "ratfuckers" remain behind, alumni of scores of educational institutions.

Ludicrous as it may sound, student government is the first political experience most Americans live through. Although the majority ignore it, they cannot avoid being touched. If nothing else, what they see is another subconscious reason to shy away from the real thing. The minority includes the leaders, experts at gathering votes and inept at keeping promises. They emerge from the learning laboratory as skillful, amoral politicians whose memories of fun with the ballot box are not about to go away.

One afternoon in November, 1964, several student officers were talking strategy in a classroom. It was hot that day in Los Angeles, and they were about to conclude their business, forge a hall pass, and go to the beach. Suddenly a scraping noise vented from a heating duct above the blackboard. The student president, an accomplished wrestler, walked outside and found his rival perched atop a phone booth with his ear against the other side of the conduit. He shouldered the lad and marched back into the meeting, where all had a good laugh and then sent the intruder away.

Later on the way to the beach, one person chimed, "God, can you imagine what real politics must be like?"

He smiled as he asked the question, almost with anticipation.

BLACK AND WHITE IN BOSTON

JOHN C. CORT

Report from one who is not a priest in plain clothes

Several hundred white kids were standing on the front steps of South Boston High, facing out as the two yellow buses drove up with the black kids from Roxbury. Cops were ringing the building like an armed camp.

Some of the white kids applauded as the buses drove up. I turned to a reporter and asked, "What do you suppose the applause meant? Was it friendly or ironic?"

An attractive young woman beside me said, "We can't do anything to please you people, can we?"

I said, "What do you think should please me?"

She said, "Well, the kids are going to school, aren't they? And maybe some of them are glad to see the black kids."

Right then it looked as though the white kids were ready to block the door to keep the black kids out, but it turned out that the concentration was caused by the delay in passing the white students through the metal detectors in the lobby. (The school was being reopened —January 8, 1975—after a prolonged closing occasioned by the stabbing of a white boy by a black boy on December 11, 1974.) Meanwhile the cops kept the black kids in the buses.

I said, "I was just asking questions. I want to know what the kids really think, what they feel, what the community feels."

She said, "Why don't you go down to the South Boston Information Center and find out?"

Earlier I had talked to three white boys on the street. What they felt was that the school should not be integrated: "because in this country we have a patriotic right to have free schools."

After all the students had entered the school without incident I walked to my car and passed three white girls of obvious high school age. I said, "Aren't you going to school today, girls?" Two said, "No." The third said, "Yes," then a few words I couldn't catch, then "keep the niggers out." I tried to think of some intervening words that might defuse that last part. No luck. As I drove down Broadway toward the South Boston Information Center I noticed signs in many of the store windows: "WE SUPPORT THE SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL BOYCOTT." At the bottom was the name of the Center.

When I got there I said I was covering the busing story for *Commonweal*, "a national Catholic magazine." They asked for my credentials and I gave them a letter from the editor which they read very carefully, more carefully than I had read it. Then I had a long,

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mostly friendly talk, with three or four members of the Home and School Association which runs the place. One was a tall, handsome fellow in a green beret whom I recognized as the man who had figured in a small fracas in front of the school when the cops tried to move him along as he was talking to a reporter. When we were introduced he asked me if I was a member of the John Birch Society. I denied it. Later he said he thought that maybe I was a priest in plain clothes. I said I had ten children and he said, "The way things are going, that doesn't prove a thing."

I asked what the boycott signs meant. The lady who seemed to be in charge said, "Well, we're not telling anybody what to do. We leave it to them to make up their own minds." I was untactful and said, "Don't kid me. Of course you're telling people what to do." She didn't like that and later quizzed me sharply as to whether I was really a practicing Catholic.

The meaning of the signs remained confused, particularly when the *Globe* reported next day that John Duffy, president of the Home and School Association, had said, "I wish more students had gone to class." (Attendance in the South Boston buildings was only 40 percent: 471 white, 143 black, and 13 other minority.)

They said that they didn't object to black kids coming to South Boston if they wanted to. What they objected to was their kids being forced to go to schools in Roxbury, a high crime area where they weren't safe. They gave me a sheet of statistics showing the incidents of crime in different parts of the city. It showed that Roxbury had 25 murders in a ten-month period of 1974 as against eight in South Boston, 91 forcible rapes as against 12, and 565 aggravated assaults as against 121.

I said, "Did you ever think that maybe *one* of the reasons for the crime and murder in Roxbury is that black people are rebelling against the discrimination and injustice of the past?"

One of the men thought that this remark proved that I was probably sick. I tried to make a parallel between violence in Roxbury and the violence of Irish Catholics in Northern Ireland rebelling against the discrimination and injustice that they suffered there. Another man said, "Northern Ireland has nothing to do with this." He was quite indignant that I mentioned it.

They said that they were not racist and they resented the slurs in the media. I asked if they believed in integrated education. They said that they did if it was done on a voluntary basis. As the discussion went on they expressed the belief that black students dragged down the quality of education because the teachers had to spend most of their time on discipline. I got the impression that they didn't really believe in integrated education.

Green Beret said, "The Catholic Church is falling apart. The real story for you is not here but in West Roxbury [a white middle-class area] where the Archdiocese told the pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas that he must take 50 percent black kids in his school, give them free tuition and free uniforms, and he closed down the school rather than go along." Another man said he didn't think I had the guts to write that story. I said I would check it out.

(The next day I looked up St. Thomas Aquinas. It was in Jamaica Plain. I spoke to the pastor and he said the school had closed two years go but it had nothing to do with black students. They didn't have the nuns to run it. I also called St. Theresa's in West Roxbury, just to be sure. The pastor told me their school was still open and the only instructions he had received from the archdiocese were that parochial schools should not be used as a refuge for parents trying to escape integration in the public school.)

They gave me two pages of quotes from papal documents to the effect that parents must be "truly free to choose according to their conscience the schools they want for their children." Also, a copy of the Boston Patrolmen's union publication which was full of stories about blacks raping and beating up whites.

I asked them if they knew any priests in South Boston who agreed or disagreed with their position. They mentioned one who they thought was "fair-minded." I went to see him. He was cordial. He said that all the priests of South Boston were opposed to forced busing. He generally agreed with the people at the Center. He was particularly disgusted by a case of four black boys raping a white girl that had occurred about a year ago in Roxbury. He said the boys had bitten her breasts off, a detail I didn't remember reading, and characterized the act as "animal."

I mentioned the more recent incidents of two black men pulled from their cars in South Boston and beaten up for no reason other than their blackness. He said this was the act of "a few crazy people" and should not be laid at the door of an entire community. I tried to make the obvious parallel. No luck again. There were so many more bad actors in Roxbury than in South Boston.

I mentioned the fact that when we lived in Roxbury we noticed that not only were very few blacks hired as cops, firemen, teachers, school custodians, bus drivers, etc. but that even the men on the city garbage trucks were white. He asked me, "Well, did the black people apply?" He thought the injustice was exaggerated and that now the usual thing was to give incompetent blacks preference over competent whites.

As I left the rectory I walked across the street and visited the basement of the imposing church. The Christmas crib was still in place before a side altar. I checked to see if the usual black Wise Man was present. His back was to the congregation and I had to lean over the communion rail and peer sideways to authenti-

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cate the black skin. He had a more humble, subdued look than the others and I wondered if the gift he was holding was the myrrh which traditionally symbolizes Christ's burial. On my way out I picked up a parish bulletin. Thought for the Week was, "Live for today, dream of tomorrow and learn from yesterday."

I remember from my anti-poverty days in the '60s that there were some "fairminded" people at the Community Action agency in South Boston. I went there and spoke to one of the top staff, a youngish Boston College graduate. He was candid. He said that he would have been for integrated education ten years ago but after raising three children in South Boston he had changed because he "wanted them to have a decent chance." He was disenchanted with the Church, which he thought was doing too little too late to help the urban poor, both white and black. I asked him if there was anybody in South Boston who really believed in integrated education. He mentioned a nun at Cardinal Cushing High School. Before I left he complained that none of the media had mentioned the fact that a black woman had been elected president of the Home

and School Association at the Norcross elementary school at the D Street housing project. I said I would mention it.

I went to see the nun. She was very nice and really seemed to believe in integrated education. She said that for five years she and eight other Notre Dame nuns had been living in the D Street project, a very poor housing development in more ways than one, so as to identify more closely with the community. I asked her about the black president of the Home and School Association.

She said, "Mrs. Bridgewater, who was an excellent president, was forced out of the project a few months ago. Some of her neighbors feel very badly about it. She had to move to Roslindale. One of her daughters started the year at South Boston High, but because she lived so close she had to walk to school. She was pelted so much by white kids going to and from school that she had to quit. I'm surprised that they don't know that up at the Social Action Center."

I asked her if she would tell our mutual friend at the Center because if she didn't I most certainly would. She promised she would tell him.

She said there had been two priests who had been outspoken and had gone out on the street to keep peace and try to make integration work, but both had recently left South Boston.

I asked about her school. Cardinal Cushing High School, she said, is a school of 600 girls who come from all over the city. When she first came there in 1963 there had been only two black girls and very few girls from South Boston. When black girls first became a sizable percentage of the school there had been some "serious problems," but now things were going smoothly and the black girls were accepted and recognized as making a very positive contribution to the school.

She was very sympathetic to the people of South Boston who she felt were largely misled and exploited by their elected officials and shortchanged on city services. She mentioned the chronic failure to get a separate road for truck traffic, which regularly caused the death of little children. She said that if the anti-busing movement had any value, it had at least brought the poor people in the housing projects together with the more well-to-do in the nice houses out toward City Point. Something good might yet come from this new unity.

At one point she said that she thought that all white people were racist, either consciously or unconsciously, because we all considered ourselves superior to black people. As I got up to leave, she expressed the fear, as the others had, that my report would be prejudiced against the people of South Boston.

To cover my retreat I said, "Sister, I'm like you—I'm prejudiced against all white people, including myself."

The next day the *Globe* reported that things had been peaceful in all the buildings of the South Boston High School complex, which, strange as it may seem, includes Roxbury High School, almost across the street from where we used to live. In Roxbury only 26 white students from South Boston had showed up—there were supposed to be several hundred—along with 215 blacks and eight other minority. (The boycott was still working.)

Things at Roxbury High, it seems, were particularly peaceful and harmonious, not only on reopening day but also last fall before the stabbing incident. How could this be, with so many black kids and so few white kids? The problems of integration, according to this report, were not in Roxbury but over in South Boston, where the white kids were in the great majority.

I was tempted to go back to South Boston and ask the kids on the street and the people in the Information Center and the priests in the big church and the anti-poverty worker in his social action center, "How could this be?"

I resisted the temptation. It seemed to me that I could already hear the answers. Maybe I *was* prejudiced. But the thought occurred that perhaps the nun would have some answers that I hadn't heard before.

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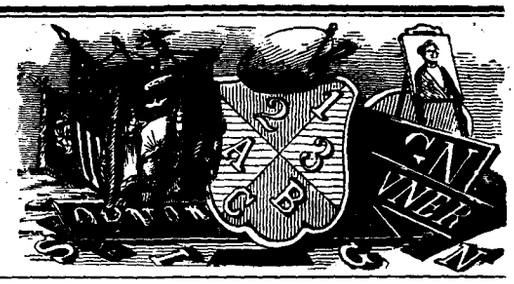
ORGANIZING ALMA MATER

KENNETH AMAN



Strike on New Jersey campuses

On November 18, local #1904, the branch of the American Federation of Teachers which represents the faculty, librarians and certain other personnel of the eight state colleges in New Jersey, went out on strike. The walkout did not exactly steal the thunder from the miners' strike and its dark possibilities for the U.S. economy, but in its way the teachers' strike was significant.

College campuses of course have been closed down before, but the impulse was usually either political or local (for example, arbitrary dismissal of certain faculty members). Organized strikes by faculty unions have been very rare. None has ever occurred with anything like the scope of the New Jersey strike. In fact, the very existence of faculty unions is a fairly novel phenomenon. Most faculties are still represented by more genteel (and more local) professional organizations—if they are represented at all. Even at the New Jersey state colleges membership in the faculty union is not particularly high, perhaps 50 percent at Montclair State for example.

The call for a strike authorization vote at the end of October came as a distinct surprise to most of the faculties. A union meeting was hastily called; the faculty were told that the state was refusing to negotiate the contract for the next academic year. This refusal was in clear violation of the present contract which calls for negotiations to begin October 1. It was not difficult to decipher the state's motivation. The state of New Jersey faces a record budget deficit of close to seven hundred million for the present fiscal year. By delaying negotiations the state hopefully could either freeze faculty salaries altogether or grant minimal increases.

Faculty salaries have not come close to matching the increase in the cost of living. After battling the state for well over a year, the union finally was granted a 6 percent increase in salaries last February. Instructors now make a bit more than $10,000; assistant professors —for whom a Ph.D. is now virtually mandatory—start at about $12,000. This is the New York metropolitan area, where the cost of living is increasing at a faster rate than it is nationally.

The stakes in the dispute were large. This strike was bound to affect many other public employees in New Jersey, since the salaries of *all* state employees have lagged seriously behind those of other workers. Giving in to some faculty demands *might* mean giving in to the perhaps even more urgent demands of other groups of state employees. Anyone interested in the direction of higher education was also likely to be concerned. With rumors of imminent detenuring, massive cutbacks in student aid and jumps in tuition, faculty and students are running scared in most states of the U.S. At the very beginning of the strike, Bob Neilsen (in charge of the fledgling college wing of Shanker's AFT) underlined the crucial nature of this strike. He stressed that it was being closely watched across the country both by union organizers and by administrators. Given the comfortable individualism usually characteristic of college professors, many doubted that a faculty union could ever get it together in an all-out strike. In general, the assurances of national support from the AFT were more depressing than morale-boosting. But this particular sentiment and warning struck a sympathetic chord among many of the striking faculty.

No one seemed to take the strike vote too seriously. The vote was 2-1 in favor of authorization for a strike, but there were definitely faculty members who voted "yes" simply to give the union leadership more leverage, never thinking they would actually be asked to walk a picket line. The place and time were unbelievably bad: New Jersey, well-known for its lackadaisical attitude toward higher education (47th nationally in per capita aid), in a year when unemployment was nearing 9 percent. Significantly, very large numbers of faculty simply did not vote. Perhaps the whole issue would go away if we simply continued teaching in the old familiar style.

When it became clear that the strike would happen, faculty members were faced with an unaccustomed and unpleasant decision. Some wrestled with the grand issues: was it moral to walk out and insist upon better salaries when every day's newspaper brought more reports of layoffs, or of people desperately trying to meet the pressures of inflation? This, as opposed to the clear undermining of the strikers' efforts by every faculty member who chose to teach. Some pointed to the moral responsibility to teach the classes they had agreed to teach; others argued that unless the faculty took a united stand, the power of the state in education would

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become overwhelming, undermining the position of student as well as of teacher. Individualistic college faculty members found it difficult to accept the discipline and decision-making procedures members of other unions take for granted. Nor was this ambivalence totally free of snobbery. "I am not just a truck driver" was a sentiment I heard more than once.

Other faculty members let their decisions rest on whether or not they felt they could stand the personal financial pinch. For young faculty members saddled with debts from graduate school, sometimes with children and mortgage payments, the loss of even one paycheck can be a fearsome thing. Still, once the strike began, there was a high percentage of young, low-paid instructors on the picket line, while many full professors in the $25,000 a year bracket crossed the picket lines.

No one seemed to know what to make of the strike, or quite what to do. The first day, students wandered about the campuses, enjoying the sudden respite from classes. Yet there was something ominous about picket lines, empty classrooms, teachers attempting to teach three or four students. Few could maintain the lighthearted mood for long. Students met, argued, broke up in indecision. Student leaders tried desperately to straddle the fence; for their pains they came off as politicians (like state officials, administrators, and union leaders). Some students attacked the striking faculty as being only interested in money. Most students felt at least some sympathy with the strike. But would their personal interests be hurt by supporting it? Would tuition payments go up, for example, to help pay for higher salaries? With all the murkiness, some students decided to become involved. On some campuses there were more students than faculty on the picket lines.

Walking a picket line was a new kind of educational experience. Faculty tend to become tightly nestled in their own departments, at home there and blissfully ignorant of the rest of the campus. Philosphers discovered the music department; historians and mathematicians got to know each other for the first time. More important, a radicalization began to occur right on the picket line. A few hard-nosed students apparently were willing to run over a picketer or two. One faculty member at Trenton State lost his temper and shoved his fist through the windshield of a student-driven car; he was arrested. After experiencing energetic student support on the picket lines, faculty attitudes began to shift. The issue of faculty salaries receded. Now it became crucial to force the state to support higher education for the poor, to hold down the level of tuition.

The settlement, such as it was, was almost an anticlimax. The state finally agreed to negotiate, but nothing was promised. This was enough for the faculty. The vast majority were relieved to get back to things familiar: teaching, preparing lectures, committee work. Still, they will never be quite the same again.

A new strike for February is a distinct possibility if negotiations break down. The State of New Jersey is scarcely used to recognizing faculty much less to making important concessions. On the other hand, the faculty and students have surprised themselves by their willingness to stand together. For the first time, faculty and students are united in opposing tuition increases and the issue of no tuition hikes has become a union demand. There are small, militant groups of faculty members who are determined to force the union to go beyond simple bread-and-butter issues of self-interest, and to face up to substantive issues of educational policy. Shouldn't there be more protection for faculty with unpopular political views? What is to prevent a cutting back of minority enrollments? Legislators and administrators are already arguing that budget pressures require cutbacks. Should the present trend toward more vocational programs in state colleges (often a ploy for class-oriented education) be allowed to continue? The strike has pushed these issues to the fore and they will not be so easily dismissed.

In New Jersey nothing much is settled but it is at least clearer that much is at stake. There is one new component. Some college teachers have a newfound sense of commitment and militancy.

HANNAH KAHN

SKATER'S WALTZ

I remember my aunt
(God rest her soul)
How she called the children
Into the room
And commanded our silence
While Betty played
"The Skater's Waltz."

It wasn't the song
Nor Betty playing;
It was my aunt
Who stood by the piano
And turned the pages,
That I remember.

I was a child
In that long-ago time
But whenever I hear
A young child play
I think of my aunt,
Austere and proud,
Who turned the pages
And made us listen.

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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

THE SCREEN

A woman under the influence is bound to act crazy, and Mabel Longhetti (Gena Rowlands), the woman in John Cassavetes' new film called *A Woman Under the Influence*, does just that. She goes to a bar, picks up the first guy she meets, downs a tumbler of booze, and takes him home for a one-night stand. She paces the street so frantically waiting for her children that passersby shun her in alarm. When another parent brings his children to play with hers, she so disconcerts him and excites the kids that her husband Nick (Peter Falk) arrives home to find the house in bedlam. Finally Mabel freaks out altogether so that Nick has to call the family doctor and have her committed. But what is Mabel under the influence of: that drink she took, the shot the doctor gave her, the moon?

One thing Mabel is under the influence of is Nick. At one point she even begins making the sign of the cross at him not in the spirit of benediction, but as if to ward him off, as if he were an evil spirit under whose influence she feared to fall. And the more we watch her and Nick, the more we wonder whether she might not be right. However crazy she may be, we soon begin to realize, he is no less so himself. If craziness is simply a "mental disorder," as the phrase goes, Nick's actions abound in craziness. Most of the things he does are done out of order, out of that natural, logical, cause-and-effect sequence we all regard as reality.

When Mabel goes over the edge, for instance, and seems to fall into a revery, Nick threatens to slug her. It's a possibility that might make a certain sense, as a way to snap her out of it. A compassionate slap in the face is sometimes approved therapeutic procedure. But instead of going through with it, Nick goes to let in the doctor he himself called, and then begins assuring the doctor that everything is now OK, as if he had slapped Mabel out of her trance after all. The truth is that Nick did slap her in the face, but he did it much earlier, when he arrived home to find her and the father of his children's playmates in an upstairs bedroom trying to control the children. Jumping to a wrong, ridiculous conclusion about Mabel and this stranger, Nick slapped her not in compassion, but in anger. Far from bringing Mabel out of her trance, Nick's slap, delivered out of order, put her into it.

Mabel's whole world is a tangle like this of misplacement, mismatching and misconstrual. The night that she cracks up her mother-in-law exacerbates the situation by becoming almost as irrational as Mabel is. The only one who is calm and truly helpful is the doctor. But when the next time Mabel sees these people, six months later when she returns home, their personalities are insanely reversed. Mother-in-law is now the rational, effective, helpful one, while the doctor immediately begins apologizing for her commitment in a manner as obsessive and insensitive as the mother's-in-law had been earlier. Even when trying to help Mabel, everyone is so preoccupied working out his own problems that he works them out at Mabel's expense. In this company Mabel isn't such an odd ball. None of them is as consistent or stable as they at first looked. Maybe they're all nuts.

In a way *A Woman Under the Influence* was made under the influence of the woman herself and is as crazy as she is. As director-scriptwriter, Cassavetes imbeds her experience of events, her point of view, in the very structure of his film. In the opening sequence she waits for Nick to come home and pick her up for a big night out on the town they have apparently been planning for a long time. She lays out her clothes and spends the afternoon listening to opera on her portable radio. Then it is night, and she still sits alone in her housecoat listening to opera. With this sudden little jump in time the film moves us, as Mabel herself has moved, from the expectation that Nick is coming to the realization that he isn't.

The cut from expectation to disappointment is not too abrupt here, and appearances and reality pretty much coincide. When it is suddenly night time and Nick still isn't home, it *appears* to us that he isn't coming home, and this in fact turns out to be the case. As the film proceeds, however, its montage becomes more pronounced and radical. Cassavetes' editing begins to violate the reality of events in order to get at psychological reality. Now appearances, the way the shots and scenes are juxtaposed, begin to represent the latter sort of reality instead of the former.

After Mabel has brought home her pick-up the night Nick breaks their date, she changes her mind and begins beating back his advances. While this struggle is still in progress, the film cuts to the following morning, and we see Mabel waking up alone. Butting up these two shots against each other leads us to believe Mabel must have thrown the guy out. Although this turns out not to be literally so—the guy emerges from the bathroom a few minutes later—Cassavetes' point seems to be that it was so emotionally. In carnal fact the guy may have spent the night with Mabel after all, but she was already done with him, the impulse that had led to him was already spent, before he ever got that far. Once again, it would seem, things have happened out of order.

The action next cuts to Nick's belated arrival home when we are not yet sure whether the guy Mabel spent the night with is gone. If we are alarmed for the moment that Nick will discover them and fly into a rage, perhaps we only reflect Mabel's own feelings of guilt. Though the guy is gone, Nick will indeed fly into that

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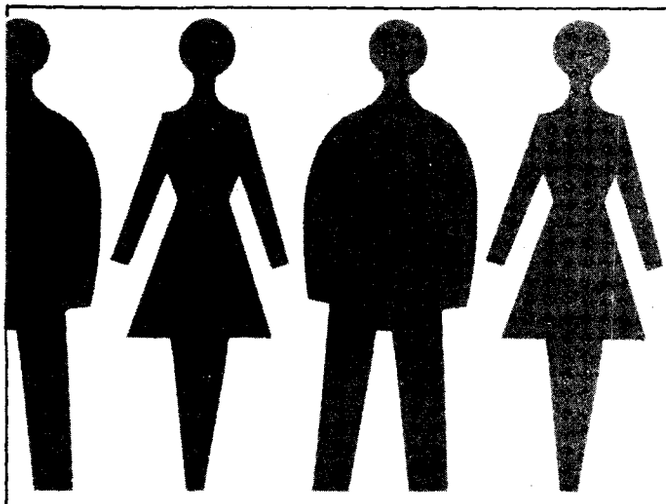

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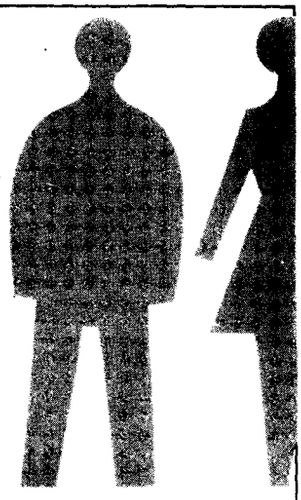

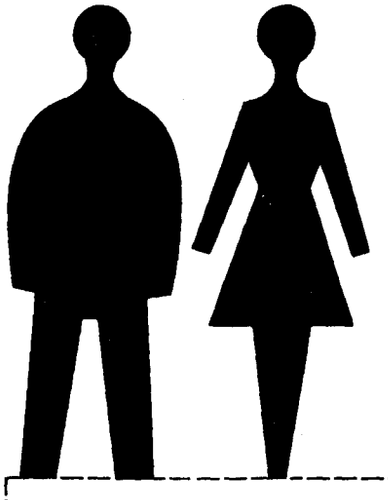

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rage; but he will do it later when he discovers Mabel innocently closeted with the man whose children had come over to play. The night Mabel has her breakdown, Nick finally brandishes the commitment authorization at her and shouts, "Mabel, look at me. I have a piece of paper here that says. . . ." Cut, end of scene. Here as elsewhere, it's as if the movie itself blacked out at the moments when Mabel does, when she can't take anymore. So many scenes seem to be what the film's title is, an incomplete phrase. Along with the other decapitated events we have watched in this movie, Mabel's commitment becomes something like that slap that wasn't delivered, or rather was delivered at the wrong time, a decisive blow struck out of order.

In the end, nonetheless, Mabel comes up smiling, having endured it all and ready to go on though the result will no doubt be more of the same. In the end also, Nick finally manages to be on time for that big celebration he had promised Mabel in the beginning. As always, the event and the occasion don't match by the time they occur. The occasion is Mabel's release from the sanitarium, and nothing could be a less thoughtful welcome than the house full of people Nick has invited. At last Nick winds up acting rather drunk, though he's had nothing to drink, at a dinner table crowded with uneasy relatives. It seems there really is something indestructible between him and Mabel—something that has now, somehow, allowed him to feel the effects of that tumbler of booze Mabel drank many, many months ago. He is a man under the influence, of her.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

AMERICA'S BIG BEN

MEDIA

Well, we are approximately one-third of the way through the Bicentennial celebration now; only two more years to go. There haven't been many big, noisy festivals yet, but a sort of slow, creeping Americana, barely perceptible at first, is now invading bookstores, museums, concert halls, and most of all television networks. One hesitates to imagine what it will be like a year from now.

It now appears that "The Waltons," "Little House on the Prairie" and other nostalgic TV excursions into the American past were really Bicentennial warm-ups, thrown in while we weren't paying attention, all honoring American virtue as it certainly should have been, and American warmth, which grows toastier in memory every time we hear about it. Now we are starting to get the specifically historical and biographical programs—specials, "mini-series," and even a daily feature which CBS calls "Bicentennial Minutes"—short announcements, dropped into prime time, about events which took place on the same date 200 years previously, narrated by a bewildering assortment of celebrities: a recent week included Carroll O'Connor, Mickey Spillane, Lucille Ball, and Norman Cousins, among others.

The most ambitious of these projects so far has been a CBS "mini-series" on the life of Benjamin Franklin—four ninety-minute dramas focusing on four episodes in Franklin's life, with Franklin himself played by four different actors. The last of these, "The Statesman," will be broadcast on January 28; I am happy to say that it provides a dignified conclusion to what has been, on the whole, an interesting and dignified series.

Franklin this time is Melvyn Douglas, and the story here concerns the great man's last years, when he was in his eighties and putting most of his finally flagging energies into lobbying for ratification of the new United States Constitution. The production does not entirely escape the obvious trap of presenting Franklin as an eccentric but wise and lovable old Gramps, straight out of "The Waltons" (all the more so because he is called "Pappy" by his relatives—which may have been true but it's still too bad—and because an actress called Michael Learned, a "Waltons" regular, is here cast as the old codger's long-suffering daughter). But fortunately the show manages to step past these sticky spots almost every time they threaten to gum things up. The scriptwriter, Edward Adler, has not been afraid to show the irrascibility, the arrogance, and the growing senility of his man, an approach which engages our interest and most of the time leaves our cockles happily unwarmed, and Mr. Douglas gives a splendid performance as Franklin—tumbling from one project to another, interminably rebuilding his house, dictating disjointed memoirs, besieging Congress for money owed to him, lecturing to everyone on anything that comes to mind, running his family ragged with pointless errands, crochety demands and whining complaints about his health.

Most important, Mr. Douglas also conveys the fundamental seriousness and intelligence of this peculiar and fascinating fellow, so that the central issue of the plot—his anxiety over whether or not the thirteen states would ratify the Constitution—maintains credibility and suspense. It is always difficult to take a basically impersonal act of state and transform it into intensely personal drama: the character who walks into the room, eyes brimming with tears, and announces, "It's done. Louisiana has been purchased," or, at perhaps a happier moment, "Drinks all around! The Monroe Doctrine has been promulgated!" has a hard time moving his audience. The ratification of the United States Constitution might appear to fall into this category, and indeed occasional sections of "The Statesman" are lumpy with historical data— conversations which one doubts could ever have taken place. But the rounded character of Ben Franklin, particularly for the viewer who has seen more

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than one of the series, provides a context for the large emotions which erupt here, and even for those who may have missed the earlier programs, Mr. Douglas' honest excitement is, I think, too real to shrug off. The character, conscious of history, is deeply moved by these events, and thus so are we.

The good thing about this Bicentennial series is that those in charge have not been over-awed by the Bicentennial. They have more or less turned Ben Franklin loose without trying to mold his life into an epic. There is no pretense that any of these dramas, or all of them together, constitute the definitive Franklin (a point nicely underscored by the use of many actors in the role). The series might simply be called "Aspects of Ben," and there could easily be four or eight more of them. They *do* constitute an appropriately patriotic TV series for this year, in that they frankly aim to educate, but modestly—without apology but without stiffness. CBS promises another "mini-series" on Sam Houston in the near future, and more after that, and if the quality holds we may learn something from this Bicentennial after all.

MICHAEL MURRAY

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JOHN KOSTMAYER

PASCAL

Under my lamps
And hollows
Gothic holes
Through which we tumbled
Into emptiness.

I too have come undone
Have gone
By symbols treading slicks
Across the pit
The sink
Of formless multiplicities.

And yet by night
His spaces
Set beside my bed
To love.
Are we filled with emptiness?
We are emptied into fullness!

Exploding at Port-Royal
Once again Abysses yawned
But slept
As lovers
In their nap of flesh
Are happiest in emptiness.

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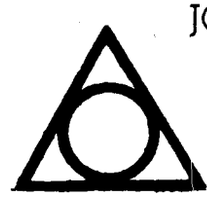
CATHOLICS LOOK AT JEWS

JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI



"ARE PEOPLE still complaining about prejudice in Catholic teaching materials? Isn't that a dead issue by now?" This attitude is one frequently encountered these days by those of us dealing with the stereotyping of outgroups in instructional materials. Many well-intentioned Catholic teachers see it as a non-problem today. Claire Huchet Bishop's new volume *How Catholics Look at Jews* may well cause a shock to Christians and Jews concerned about the eradication of anti-Semitism. As she insists in the opening pages, "The progress made to date, particularly during the last two decades, in the effort toward Christian-Jewish reconciliation and in the attendant reappraisal of Christian teaching regarding the Jews could easily make us feel over-optimistic. To this, the Pro Deo and Louvain studies can serve as a corrective. . . . For here, thirty years after the Holocaust, the reader is again confronted with the traditional assertions which, for nearly two millennia, have conditioned Christians to anti-Semitism."

The European studies which form the basis of this new volume were conducted under the sponsorship of the American Jewish Committee at the papally-chartered Pro Deo University in Rome (texts used in Italy and Spain) and at Louvain University in Belgium under the direction of Canon François Houtart (French language materials used in France, Belgium, Switzerland and Canada). These studies were conducted simultaneously with analyses of American Catholic materials by a research team at St. Louis University (reported in my recent volume *Catechetics and Prejudice*).

The Pro Deo researchers, according to Mrs. Bishop, found that references to Jews in Italian teaching materials were twice as frequent as the mention of Protestants, with four out of five descriptions of Jews and Judaism falling into the negative column. The Spanish texts provided even a higher visibility for Jews as compared with Protestants, but the negative references were only slightly more frequent than those judged positive in outlook.

The Roman research team detected a tendency in the instructional materials to select passages from the New Testament that lent themselves to an anti-Jewish interpretation while omitting or glossing over sections more positive in tone. Also of frequent occurrence in the materials was a triumphalistic attitude coupled with an uncritical defense and self-righteous glorification of the Church. In the Spanish texts this attitude was often joined to the nationalistic claim of Spain's Catholic vocation, resulting in a religio-patriotic hostility towards both Jews and Muslims.

How Catholics Look at Jews: Inquiries Into Italian, Spanish, and French Teaching Materials

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

Paulist Press, $4.50

The French-language materials examined by Canon Houtart and his staff no longer show a deliberate anti-Jewish pattern, but in the words of Mrs. Bishop, "pejorative images still prevail widely, particularly in accounts of the Passion. Positive approaches are, for the most part, limited to events before Jesus' time. . . . More often than not . . . the Jews of Jesus' time are held collectively responsible for the condemnation and death of Jesus."

A central issue in the textbook portrayal of the Jews remains their unwillingness to believe in the claims of Christianity. Nonetheless the Louvain researchers found considerable improvement in the examined texts if they are compared with those analyzed by Professor Paul Demann in his classic 1952 study. Yet Canon Houtart minces no words in his conclusion that the improvements made thus far do not yet touch the heart of the problem: "The Jews still are a bad example, a mere foil for Christianity. Their image is still mythical and inaccurate."

A complicating factor in dealing with contemporary anti-Semitism according to the Louvain research team is that in an increasingly secular society anti-Semitism has become independent of the religious factor. Yet denial of equal rights to Jews on racial or social grounds may be legitimated by religious sanctions. Therefore, the Church must squarely face the fact that in trying to combat anti-Semitism it is addressing a desacralized society. To achieve this, Mrs. Bishop calls for a new kind of New Testament exegesis and hermeneutic.

Mrs. Bishop concludes *How Catholics Look at Jews* with a general evaluation of the findings and the issues that still await confrontation by the Christian churches. These include: (1) the reluctance to face the moral implications of the murder of 6,000,000 Jews by Hitler; (2) the widespread indifference toward the emergence and continued existence of the State of Israel; (3) Christians' traditional view of Judaism as a "soulless legalism," and their failure to recognize its lasting validity and truth; (4) the surviving portrayal of the Jew as a "born money man"; and (5) the survival of the "ritual murder" charge and of similar cults in Spain and Italy.

The results from the European textbook studies outlined by Mrs. Bishop

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bear strong resemblance to the portrait of Jews and Judaism that emerges from the St. Louis textbook studies on American Catholic materials. If a generalized comment can be made, it would be that the European materials revealed a somewhat more negative tone. A question that arises with respect to both the American and European studies is of what value are they in light of the fact that the examined teaching materials are no longer in widespread use? Although it is regrettable from one point of view that these studies did not receive a public airing at an earlier date, their delayed publication may prove beneficial in several respects.

We in the Catholic community are presently at a very crucial stage in the renewal that began with Vatican Council II. There are some processes currently at work within the Catholic Church and in American religion generally that pose a genuine threat to the spirit of religious pluralism and interfaith sharing that was one of the hallmarks of Vatican II. We are presently witnessing within Catholicism a trend to "tighten up" the basic explanations of the gospel message. While there is nothing wrong with this in principle, it could get out of hand and weaken our commitment to Vatican II's statements on Religious Liberty and on the Church's Relationship to the Jewish People. These two documents stand as the most important and distinctive contribution made by the American church to the Council and hence American Catholics have a special mandate to protect the thrust of both documents. The recent statement on Jewish-Catholic relations from the Vatican, despite its unfortunate omission of any reference to Israel and its seriously inadequate handling of conversion, is a valuable reaffirmation of the Conciliar thrust. It places the question of education in the forefront of the church's concern. While acknowledging significant progress in this area, the statement recognizes that special attention still needs to be given to catechisms and religion textbooks, history books and the mass media.

In addition, the growing trend towards evangelism in American Christianity represents a real challenge to the maintenance of the historic spirit of American religious pluralism and the conciliar documents on Religious Liberty and on Judaism. As we move towards the tenth anniversary of these two documents and the two hundreth anniversary of our nation, a serious examination of both the St. Louis and European textbook studies can alert Catholics to the dangers inherent in both these current trends and recommit us to the task of creating a truly multi-religious, multi-ethnic nation, one in which we will truly rejoice in sharing our diverse religious and cultural heritages.

Another value of taking a new, hard look at these studies stems from the freedom now accorded religion teachers in particular in developing classroom programs. Changing textbooks alone is no automatic guarantee that new attitudes will filter down to the student level since there is much less reliance today on textbooks in teaching religion. The personal attitudes and backgrounds of the teacher have become pivotal. And in point of fact many of our present teachers have been trained with the type of material examined in the various textbook studies. Their attitudes towards Jews and Judaism must be confronted head-on if any real progress is to be achieved. The textbook studies can greatly assist individual teachers in this difficult process of personal soul-searching.

As for the suggestions put forward by Mrs. Bishop for continuing the improvement of Judaism's portrait in Catholic education, I would underscore several of her key points.

While she is aware that the deicide charge has largely disappeared from mainline Catholic teaching materials, in her eyes it would be foolish to assume the issue has been disposed of entirely. I fully concur. We must recognize that the more traditional accounts of responsibility for the death of Jesus have not totally vanished from popular culture and piety despite the textbook changes. *Jesus Christ Superstar*, seen by millions of Christian young people and perhaps more influential on their thinking than a hundred new textbooks, has the Jewish populace shout "Crucify him, crucify him," over and over again. I grant there is a difficulty in scientifically assessing the direct connection between such a stage production/film and the growth of concrete anti-Semitic attitudes among young people. Nor am I necessarily decrying the style of the production as such. But one must admit at the least that the potential is ripe for anti-Semitic attitudes and that our children were being fed a highly distorted picture of Jesus' relationship to the Jewish people of his time. This is all the more tragic at a moment when the new scholarly research was available for the asking, research that could have transformed a production of this type into one that would have contributed to the education of the Gentile world about Jesus and the Judaism of his day. In other words a golden opportunity was lost to do something constructive in the realm of popular culture and mass education.

What we still have not reached is the situation where the majority of Christians clearly see that a large part of the Jewish population of the day would have endorsed Jesus' struggles against the Romans and the corrupt Temple authorities. Most Christians still picture the situation as Jesus and them over against the Jews where in actuality it was a case of Jesus, his followers and at least in spirit the bulk of the Jewish population of the period over against the Romans and the leadership of the Jerusalem priesthood. The Passion story (apart from its later theological interpretations) should in reality serve as a focal point of unity between Jews and Christians, not as a source of division and separation.

With respect to Mrs. Bishop's comments on the neglect of the Holocaust in Christian education, I am certain she would join me in repeating the comment of Franklin Littell who has said that from one perspective the Holocaust is something that happened to Christians rather than to the Jews. We have been truly afraid to probe the significance of this tragedy in our educa-

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tional programs. Certainly it will be trying for Catholics to face this serious challenge to the traditional Catholic notion of the Church's basic moral integrity. But in spite of the probable pain, face it we must. Our credibility as a religious people depends on it. As the Catholic philosopher Friedrich Heer has said in his book *God's First Love*, our failure to confront the Holocaust is symptomatic of how Catholicism has confronted all other evils, especially war and the potential of a nuclear holocaust. The neglect of the Holocaust by Catholics, both the traditional and the liberal, exposes one of the basic gaps that exists in the current Jewish-Catholic dialogue. When the issue surfaced a few years back, particularly in connection with *The Deputy*, the overwhelming response of the Catholic community was to bury rather than to probe. The continuation of such an attitude in our educational programming will certainly widen the gulf between Jews and Catholics in light of the central role the Holocaust has assumed in current Jewish thought.

As for the state of Israel, it is important as Mrs. Bishop has stressed in this volume that Catholics learn something about how and why Israel has become central to the self-identity of Jews today. No Catholic can truly understand a contemporary Jew without some grasp of the hold Israel has taken on the modern Jewish soul. To ignore Israel entirely, as has been the rule in Catholic teaching materials up till now, and as the recent Vatican document continues to do, is simply to paint a mythical Jew for students. Obviously there is room for disagreement with certain Jewish views of Israel or with particular policy decisions of the State. But total silence about Israel constitutes a grave distortion of contemporary Judaism. Likewise there is need for a direct repudiation of that type of sweeping, destructive criticism of Israel that really is, as Fr. Edward Flannery has pointed out, anti-Semitism in the guise of anti-Zionism.

Another area where the textbook studies reveal the need for substantial rethinking on the part of Catholics has to do with the New Covenant theme. Specifically we must ask how Christianity's message about Christ and the New Covenant can be articulated without implying that Judaism's covenant is outdated or inferior. This was one of the three major sources of prejudice with respect to Jews that emerged from the St. Louis studies and it was central in the European reports as well. The pioneering work of writers such as James Parkes, Jules Isaac, A. Roy Eckardt, Gregory Baum, Monika Hellwig, Rosemary Ruether and others should be brought to the attention of students in a form appropriate to their age level. While the views of these theologians must certainly be considered provisional, they are beginning a process that will profoundly alter Christianity's self-definition and make possible a more honest relationship to Judaism and to all other non-Christian religions. This process is especially necessary, but will also prove especially unnerving for Catholics, in view of our long-standing claim to be the full and totally complete religion. What these theologians are generally saying is that Christianity must re-examine its belief that the Messianic age, the time of fulfillment, took place at the coming of Christ. However we may eventually come to explain the uniqueness of the Christ Event (something we must maintain if we are to avoid emasculating Christianity), we can no longer simply say that the Jewish notion of the Messianic age, far more important to Judaism than the idea of a personal Messiah, was realized in the Death-Resurrection of Christ. We may still call Jesus the Messiah but we are going to have to radically reshape our definition of this term.

This process of redefinition still requires much work and research. The task of Catholic educators at present is simply to acquaint themselves with the writings in this area, to inculcate in their students the realization that Christianity in and by itself does not contain in their fullness all the ideas necessary for a complete understanding of man's religious dimension, and to help students appreciate that only through interfaith sharing can a person even begin to approach such an understanding. All this must be done now even though we cannot as yet express in any complete fashion a new definition of Christianity's role vis-à-vis Judaism and the other world religions. Humble acknowledgement that our past viewpoint was shortsighted is the imperative of the hour for Catholicism.

A final source of distortion highlighted in *How Catholics Look at Jews* is one that also stood out in the American studies: the perverted image of the Pharisees. The Louvain study shows that there were no wholly positive passages about the Pharisees in the textbook materials. Yet, as Mrs. Bishop notes, by now more than enough research has been done on the Pharisees to refute the fanciful accusations forever raised against them and to correct the notion of total opposition between them and Jesus. It is now known that a great deal of Jesus' teaching was in the best Pharisaic tradition. The gospels record several friendly encounters between Jesus and various Pharisees. In addition, when Jesus speaks of those who will plot his death, the Pharisees are never mentioned.

It also needs to be added that even apart from the goal of better interreligious relations, an improved knowledge of Pharisaism is essential for authentic Christian self-renewal. For so many of the basic notions of Jesus and the early Christian community about ministry, church, ethics, liturgy, tradition, etc. owe their origins to the Pharisaic revolution within Second Temple Judaism. Christian students simply cannot get a true picture of what the early Church stood for without some acquaintance with Pharisaism. Yet on this score we have hardly progressed at all since the St. Louis and European studies. The distorted image of the Pharisees continues to remain one of the most devastating stereotypes of Judaism in our teaching materials, one that urgently cries out for correction.

In sum, after looking through *How Catholics Look at Jews* and comparing it to the American textbook studies, we must admit that Judaism is still severely distorted in Catholic education.

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THE PLACE OF HISTORY IN HISTORY

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Clio and the Doctors: Psycho-history, Quanto-history and History

JACQUES BARZUN

University of Chicago, $7.95

Queen: *Thou know'st tis common all that lives must die,*
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet: *Aye, madam, it is common.*
Queen: *If it be,*
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet will not think of common death but insists on the unusual character of this king and this death. Gertrude speaks for Nature—which regards all lives as common passage; and for the Court—which retains unchanging kingship though the king should die. Denying nature and political structure to brood over this father dead is unhealthy and subversive. Hamlet's madness is no late development in the play, it is present in these opening lines which reject "nature's primal sanity." But the prince's insanity is nothing less than the peculiar—most peculiar—belief in the reality of history which, to Nature and Social Order, must appear a melancholic obsession with mere particulars.

If Hamlet's sifting of the past bespeaks a sickness, consider Clio forever raking over the records of irrecoverable ages. Fortunately, the modern age is not without its cures and Jacques Barzun's charming little volume recounts the perils of Clio and her doctors. The cures, however turn out like Hamlet's trip to England: prescriptions with murderous intent. As Barzun sees it, the two primary therapies for Clio's sad condition are Psycho-history and Quanto-history. Both therapies offer to put history on a sound scientific regimen. It is the burden of Barzun's essay that the proposed methods remedy the miseries of Clio only by definitively putting her out of her misery. Euthanasia will "cure" susceptibility to disease after a fashion.

The psychoanalyst doctors have been particularly insistent in urging their nostrums on the practicing historian. It is clear that historians have traditionally trafficked in "psychology," explaining actions in terms of motives and desires. To the psychoanalyst doctor, these efforts have been quite unprofessional. In a theory such as Freud's we, have, presumably, a scientific picture of human motivation which relegates the ordinary motivational explanations of historians to the same antique shop as the theory of humors which explained Hamlet's melancholia as an excess of black bile. This prescription from the psychoanalyst appears very potent. We are accustomed to the replacement of common sense by science. the revelation of hidden inner mysteries by special analytic tools. The example of natural science is so influential that we are easily persuaded that it should be followed by serious historians.

The principal difficulty, however, with the psychoanalytic cure for history is that it reworks our understanding of history on models of nature. The methods of natural science are appropriate to natural objects and it is only if one regards human actors as natural objects that the methods work. But men as merely natural objects are indeed common—"passing through nature to eternity" or "passing through the Oedipal crisis to neurosis"—and Hamlet or the historian's curious interest in what is particular is lost on nature. Just as death is a common natural event, so it would appear that psychodynamic structures of the unconscious and its cohorts are universal factors in shaping all personalities. If we regard men in the universal dimensions of common biological or psychological careers, then we can indeed attain a *theory* of man but at the expense of a history of man. Particular history turns out to be vaguely an illusion, it only "seems," because basically every history is the same identical story: the common tale of life to death, the common conflict of child and parent. As Barzun says: "Once the character of a man or group has been diagnosed and described by psycho-history, man or group no longer has a real history in the sense that we expect true novelty."

Quanto-history works another variation on common-ness. While the motivation of psycho-history is peculiarly scientific and therapeutic, the motive of quanto-history is more political and reformist. Historians have frequently suffered bouts of conscience about the fact that history is usually the record of elites. It is the politicians and statesmen, captains and crusaders who make history. These people are invariably the wealthy and literate and it is their records which constitute historical material. Thus Malthus is basically correct when he says, "The histories that we possess are histories only of the higher classes." Considering the disaster the higher classes have made of history and fired by a populist vision of returning history to the masses, historians with conscience have sought to circumvent traditional historical sources and write the history of the common man. The common man, for most of history at least, has not left us literary records: the staple of traditional history. We catch sight of the common man in church registries, tax records, voting lists. These materials cannot be analyzed for the nuance of political phrase or cultural style, they must be massed and ordered statistically. A desire born of social conscience to relocate the sub-

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ject matter of history calls forth a quantitative methodology.

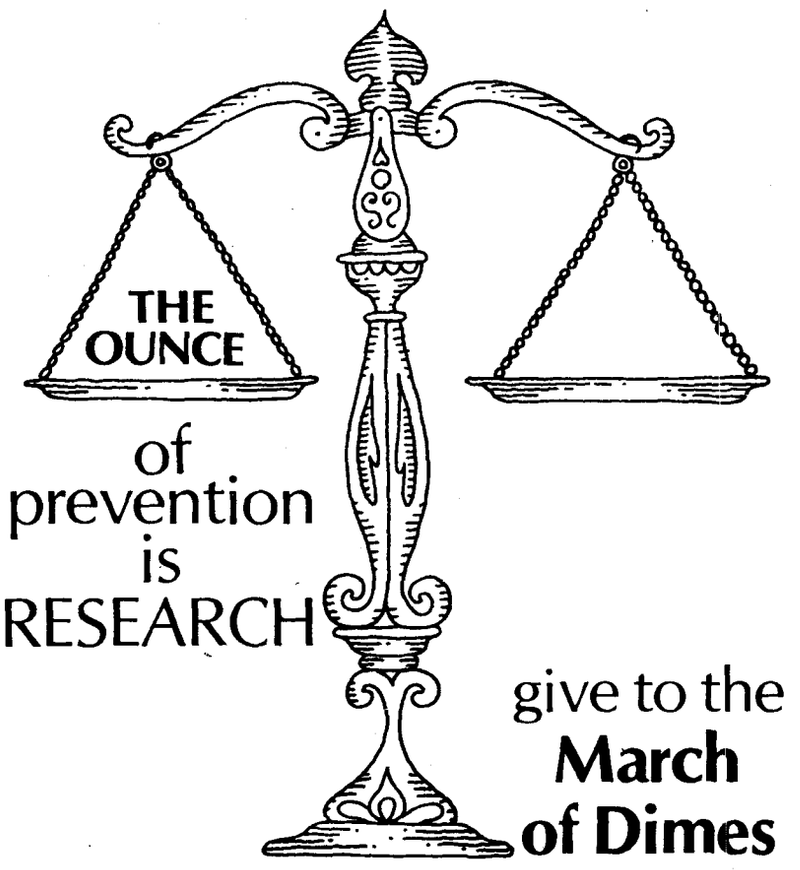
Barzun is no less firm in rejecting quanto-history and its attendant social program. From the standpoint of quanto-history, traditional history stands convicted of elitism. It is a charge which Barzun accepts. At one point he defines the task of history: "[It] takes the product that influential events and persons have deposited or injected into the public mind and sifts, corrects, and clarifies it." As a man who has made his mark in the history of ideas, it is no wonder that Barzun rejects an historical methodology more properly adapted to economic history where ideas are merely ideologies of class. Hamlet protests that he considers a particular death, not nature's common round, and that he also broods on the death of a king, not the Danish death rate—even the statistics for criminal homicide.

Quanto-history's allure rests on the same general appeal to "science" that supports psycho-history. Both reject a common sense view of historical action in terms of something hidden and deep. Individual careers are reduced to psycho-dynamics, the ideas of kings to hidden social forces revealed in demographic tables. Ordinary descriptions of events are replaced by technical descriptions in psychoanalytic or sociological jargon, by graphs, charts and diagrams. The appearance is overthrown, the underlying reality made plain. This model of revelations at a deeper level is so ingrained in our notion of what it is to understand or explain something that the poor traditional historian may well appear as a very superficial thinker indeed—merely describing when we seek explanation and understanding. As a sustained polemic against the bewitchment of this "chemical model" for historical understanding, Barzun's book seems to me admirable. My only fear is that the barbs will not sink deep enough.

The origin of Barzun's study was a conference held in 1971 at the City University in New York to discuss the "revolution" in historical methodology. Barzun gave one of the principal speeches—in defense of traditional history—and the book is an expansion of those remarks. The primary audience, then, was other historians including the practitioners of the new methods. I suspect that the primary audience for *Clio and the Doctors* will be historians and I wonder if any minds are likely to be changed by Barzun's stylish defense of Clio's conservative manners.

Barzun offers a persuasive case for his position but it seems to me there are even more conclusive arguments than he presents. In my judgment, his views on history are generally correct and he touches on many of the aspects of history which justify a rejection of the new methodologies, but it seems unfortunate that he does not avail himself of the recent literature in English on the philosophy of history. The problems with which the conference and Barzun's book are concerned are undoubtedly philosophical problems, and yet it may be a measure of the non-influence of philosophy today that in a book rich with interesting citations there are no contemporary philosophers quoted. Barzun notes the existence of Arthur Danto's work and has obviously read Louis Mink's fine study of R. G. Collingwood but that is it. When Barzun comes to discuss the vexed problem of explanation in history, there is not the slightest hint that this problem has been examined extensively with great insight and subtlety by contemporary philosophers like Hempel, Dray, Donagan, Scriven and others.

I hope it is not mere academic bickering to chide an historian for failing to be a philosopher, but Barzun is into philosophy willy-nilly, so there it is. Barzun's criticism of quanto-history suffers most from lack of conclusive argument. He often seems to be objecting on stylistic grounds to the introduction of quantitative material: "Narrated instances coupled with a verbal summary of effects strike different nerves and evoke different images from those brought into play by ratiocinative perception of graphs and figures." That is good enough *prima facie* argument against graphed history, but it



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doesn't get much beyond that. Barzun shows sure historical instincts, but he often scores only rhetorical points off his mathematicizing opponents. On psycho-history he is closer to conclusive refutation, but there too, he might have profited from the discussions of contemporary philosophers. For example: one of Barzun's repeated points about history is that it is an "ordinary language" discipline and he takes amusing potshots at the pretentious rhetoric of the social scientist: "Action potentials are to a large extent exercising an influence on my set when I perceive the behavior of another person and thereby influence what *sens* I shall perceive in a given material sequence . . ." But, having noted the peculiarity of this language, Barzun can only conclude that it is of no use to the historian merely because it is not part of common converse. But what if—God forbid!—people started talking like social scientists at the butcher's and the baker's, would it then be acceptable to history? Barzun seems to suggest it might.

I believe there are stronger arguments than mere lack of general use for the exclusion of clinical terminology from history. Since Barzun opts for ordinary language in history, he would profit from the arguments of "ordinary language" philosophy. John Austin, the Oxfordian leader of the school until his death in 1960, in a paper entitled "A Plea for Excuses" sets down the following principle for verbs: no modification without aberration. His point is that we do not adverbially qualify our verbs of action unless there is some specific reason to think that the action has gone wrong in some fashion. I spill the tea tray in your lap. Did I do it voluntarily, intentionally, deliberately, impulsively, compulsively? All these are questions that come up when the action misfires somehow. But, I am getting ready for bed, I yawn. Do I yawn intentionally? unintentionally? Either answer seems silly. I just yawned, that's all. Only if you think it odd, gauche, immoral for me to yawn, take a stroll, post a letter, is it necessary to excuse and explain away my action. Now, the problem with psycho-history is that it wishes to adverbially modify all verbs. One never *simply* yawns, lights a cigar, drafts a treaty—all the ostensible actions of men become some sort of inadvertent, unintentional, by-the-way actions performed by a psyche hell-bent for more sensational ends. (The Psychoanalysis of Everyday Life) The source of the fault here is obvious. Psychoanalysis is developed as a *therapy;* it introduces ways of modifying words of action, excusing conduct which is odd, queer or bizarre. He washes his hands compulsively—all the time, beyond necessity to be clean. But when I just wash my hands, well, I just wash my hands. The description of action in ordinary language is just as it should be unless there is some reason to suggest oddity. The trick of psycho-history is to regard *all* cases as susceptible to the modifications necessary when dealing with the odd cases. To be sure, it radically reorients our common sense view of things and comes with all the trappings of deep science, but the new description is not just rare among native speakers, it is based on the unacceptable notion that all action requires excuse (explanation as some *other* action than it appears).

Barzun's traditionalist position is attacked by the new methodologists as scientifically obscurantist, politically elitist and conservative. I think the criticisms miss the mark. It is not scientifically obscurantist to refuse to look for explanations where none are called for (not all actions demand explanation and excuse). As to political conservatism: in Nature and the Great General Theory of Society, man is universalized and quickly becomes tediously common. Hamlet and the historian insist we deal with particulars. This death is a unique one and the Danish throne is not the same though a king reigns. It is traditional history in its belief in the novel particular that makes the very concept of revolutionary change possible.

A final note: the book is unusually handsome with Victorian style end papers (in keeping with the grand traditionalism of the author, no doubt). The University of Chicago Press should credit its book designers.

A Home for the Heart

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Knopf, $12.50

CARLO A. WEBER

Almost anyone who has devoted full thirty years of his life caring for the mentally ill in one consuming program,

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has also survived the publication of half a dozen books on the subject, to say nothing of their critics, is entitled to write a *Summa.* And Bruno Bettelheim is not "almost anyone." *A Home for the Heart,* a book title which could at the same time be the name for the Orthogenic School in Chicago which it describes in loving detail, is Bettelheim's *Summa.* As a literary and psychiatric project, it fulfills the criterion for true erudition, "leading out of darkness." For with all our professional sophistication and preoccupation with mental illness, we honestly know very little about it, and less about what to do about it. Many people are still mired in an archaic and often quite primitive (read, "pre-rational") response to insanity. Bettelheim begins with this very social response as a 'given':

> "We wish to believe that the insane person is dangerous but the primitive and uncanny feeling we experience when confronted by insanity shows all too clearly that we are endangered not so much by him as by the idea that we might be, or become, like him."

There, we used to say, but for the grace of God go I.

If one had ever had any doubts about that social response, the recent quite hysterical reactions to the closing of state mental hospitals across the country, and the alleged "dumping" of patients into Board and Care homes in urban neighborhoods should have erased them. Apparently, that portion of the citizenry who originally wanted to have their emotionally disturbed brothers and sisters "out of sight and out of mind," now resist their re-entry into the community with equal vigor. Much better to have them safely barricaded behind the walls of rural asylums, where they can neither disturb us or serve as our psychic mirrors. It requires but a single news report of a homicidal ex-mental patient to set off a wave of charges that those "crazies" out picking apples from imaginary trees, or sitting staring into space, are all potential murderers. You know what that strange-looking fellow with his hand in his back pocket is getting ready to do, don't you? But then, how can it be otherwise? Who is really ready to acknowledge that the shadow within myself is embodied out there in the bizarre, often grotesque, skin and bones of the "crazy" man who lives next door?

But to the book, which is divided into four inter-related parts: A discussion of the physical setting for an institution, and its effect upon the resident, an account of total milieu therapy, and rather detailed descriptions of how the staff is selected and expected to function, and how training of both staff and residents is carried out. Beneath it all lies Bettelheim's resolute, dare I say ruthless, promulgation of the essential principle that mentally ill persons are ". . . very much individuals, with their own life histories and personalities, but who are also in many respects very much like the rest of us, the author and the reader." With one important difference, the one tragically that we generally overlook in practice: The "patient," precisely because of his or her anxiety and fear about what the therapist and all those other folk are up to, is inclined to view with a raw sensitivity every detail of behavior and setting with far keener attention than would others. Every detail of the environment carries a message that is far more explicit to the patient than anything a therapist may subsequently say in face-to-face contact. What are we really saying, for example, to the "patient" (i.e. the "sufferer") with the grey, antiseptic, endless hospital corridors, and the shabbily and tastelessly decorated waiting rooms of public clinics, often designed to accommodate long waiting lines more than to satisfy even the most fleeting aesthetic need. What lugubrious message is communicated to the patient in even posh private psychiatric offices where outgoing clients are segregated from the incoming, via entrance and egress through a different door? Is such an arrangement really for the customer's convenience, or are red eyes and a drawn countenance the signal of embarrassment, lack

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of control, and therefore to be hidden from view?

Bettelheim translates the therapeutic milieu from the abstract to the concrete so thoroughly that at one point, when describing the physical building of a hospital as it appears to the eye of the patient, he could as well be describing the doctor, as he appears to the eye of the patient, a comparison Bettelheim would surely acknowledge, and probably elaborate in great detail.

Now, none of this about the effect of the social, physical, and behavioral environments upon the patient is at all new, nor indeed dramatic. What is unique is that at the Orthogenic School, it appears to be done.

The key psychotherapeutic issue, as I read it, is as follows. The psychotic young person is torn by a dis-harmony between intra-psychic events and extra-psychic ones. The body, as the wall separating the two, reflects that conflict. Such a patient can only respond to a world in which there is perfect synchrony between physical (outer) and psychic (inner) messages. Any disharmony ratifies that which is already felt. What a room, or a given space is to the person, so the body wall is to the psyche. Most therapeutic ventures fail, not because the psychotherapy itself is off target, but rather because it is set in a physical environment which tends to deny it. The therapist and the milieu are working at cross-purposes, the one laboring to counteract messages delivered to the patient from the environment. Wrappings, be those paint on the exterior of the building, the decor within, the space, the placement and selection of furnishings, etc. are often as important as what goes on inside them, as our shell is important to the psyche within. This body-psyche synchronism, applied to every physical and spiritual detail, is the capstone of Bettelheim's work. It dictates the "total milieu which includes the physical surroundings, and the awareness by every staff member, from Chief Psychiatrist to janitor, of the process both they and the residents are involved in.

It is this milieu that promotes and sustains the social solidarity which the patient must experience in order to journey out of himself, out of stereotypical retrenchments and into personal autonomy. Personal autonomy experienced as a function of social solidarity is therefore the therapeutic objective. There is, of course, a delicate line separating the dependency-creating social support of many psychiatric processes, and the no-demand environment of many state mental hospitals, from the autonomy-generating social support system, which allows the patient the time and space to regroup his ego forces and develop out of them his individual living style. Judging from the success of the graduates of Orthogenic, and that constitutes 85 percent, that balance is indeed maintained at the school.

All of this makes the Orthogenic School the quintessence of the *total institution*, which, as Goffman has described it, can either completely build or completely destroy, depending apparently on how it's used. And that could lead to a long digression about institutional vs. community care for the chronically mentally ill. However much is written today, and whatever laws are passed in the states to empty out the state hospitals, there is little evidence to this point that that process works in practice, and that the patients so displaced from institutions back into the community have been aided by that move. Indeed, there is some evidence to suggest that their lot has been rather significantly worsened. That is not to say that community care cannot work (patently Bettelheim thinks out); like Christianity, it hasn't really been tried. Those who disagree with Bettelheim cite a few experiments, usually beginning with the Belgian village of Geel, to support their claim. They are ready with any number of reasons why community care has not worked—community resistance, inadequate funding, untrained staffing, emphasis of community mental health centers on crisis-care rather than after-care, etc. But on the other hand, the institutions, with rare exceptions such as Orthogenic, have not worked overly well either, and their proponents are ready with just as many rationalizations. That dispute is not over; nor does the book resolve it. For unfortunately, Ortho is not truly replicable—the world of mental health professionals is not peopled with Bettelheims, and the ongoing patient population of about forty at any given time at Ortho is so miniscule as to send public administrators who must deal with thousands of patients scurrying for their data sheets and census tracts, to show how precious the Orthogenic experiment really is.

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Perhaps it is not a question of the locus—institution or community—at all, but the modality, the care, the attention to detail, the live-in therapists, the selectivity of staff and residents, that works. And for that matter, though the book is written essentially as a long apologia for doubting colleagues, it could just as easily have been written for school administrators, mothers, architects, or anyone responsible for providing an aesthetically pleasing environment in which people can live productively.

But, in the clear and forceful style of the book, one thing is clear—the *Home for the Heart* is Bettelheim himself, standing astride the school and the people in it, the force of his personality driving them, daring them, in a sense, to fail him. One is tempted to speculate about the fate of the school once this gigantic spirit is departed. That we shall know in time. And with its success, one feels a suspicion that the many graduates are not so much autonomous and functional people, with a style all of their own, but mini-Bettelheims, made to the mold, and driven by a small spark of that fire that ignites its founder.

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The Trial of Chaplain Jensen

CHAPLAIN ANDREW JENSEN with MARTIN ABRAMSON

Arbor House, $7.95

DENNIS HALE

Andrew Jensen once belonged to that legion of decent, middle-class Americans who believe only the best about their country because they have no personal experience with its ugly side. They do their duty and mind their own business, ignoring, if they can, whatever disturbing news reaches their ears. It is not that they are indifferent to suffering, but only that they are able, because of their class, or their color, or their income, to keep it at a distance. Injustice happens only to people who are "different"; it is an anomaly in the world of the normal.

By his own admission, Andrew Jensen is a "square." Growing up in the grape country of California during the Depression, he saw how the traditional values of religion and family life kept people going against difficult odds, and he vowed to serve those values. Kept away from farming by allergies and a frail constitution, Jensen decided to become a Baptist minister, and his sense of patriotism led him into the Navy, where he became a Chaplain. Hard work and sincere devotion to the welfare of his men earned him promotions to the rank of captain. (Not even the Vietnam War could shake his confidence; serving aboard the carrier *Ticonderoga* from 1967 to 1969 was the "high point" of his career.) He was married (the "one romance of my life") and had two children. He liked his work. Life seemed secure.

Then, at Cecil Field, in Jacksonville, Florida, things began to fall apart. At Cecil Field, Chaplain Jensen got a look at the ugly side.

Jensen's troubles began when he discovered that the major form of recreation at the base was musical beds. The Sexual Revolution and Right-wing Republicanism were locked in a passionate, if furtive, embrace. As a strict Baptist (no drinking, no smoking, no "fooling around") Jensen disapproved of this development, and said so; as a part-time marriage counselor, he found himself directly involved in its consequences. His long-standing reputation as an upright man of God caused concern among his less righteous colleagues, and he began getting strong hints that everyone would feel a lot safer if "Square Andy" would join the fun. He refused, even to the extent of suggesting psychiatric counseling for unfaithful marriage partners.

What followed can only be described as a modern version of the Salem witch trials, this one led by "swingers" instead of Puritans. Specifically, two women, the wives of Naval officers and members of Jensen's congregation, accused the Chaplain of having committed adultery with them nearly one hundred times in motels, apartments and in the chapel itself during 1970 and 1971. Jensen denied the charges, but the local commanders believed his accusers. (Some of them were sincere, no doubt, and some simply took advantage of an opportunity to rid themselves of an irritant.) Jensen was ordered off the

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base, removed from his post as Chaplain, denied permission to conduct services, encouraged to resign ("for the good of the Navy"), and told that the Navy could do nothing about the fact that the husband of one of the women was looking for him with a gun.

During the hearings and trials which followed, the entire apparatus of the local command was used against Jensen: goons from the Naval Intelligence Service were sent around to harass and intimidate witnesses for the defense; papers were stolen from his office; evidence of perjury was withheld by the prosecution; Jensen and his Naval attorney were both denied what would have been routine promotions; efforts were made to frighten Mrs. Jensen into refusing to testify; mysterious, threatening phone calls were made in the middle of the night. And all of this happened at a Navy base where sexual promiscuity, mate-swapping, and casual affairs were widespread and open secrets. In fact, both women admitted in their depositions to having told the Chaplain about their affairs during counseling sessions, and one woman would have another affair exposed during the trial.

Jensen was a stubborn man, and refused to resign or to plead guilty. As a result, he was court-martialed, the first Navy Chaplain to be court-martialed for adultery, and the only Navy officer ever court-martialed on that charge alone. (The technical offenses he was charged with —"conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" and "conduct prejudicial to the service"—have since been ruled unconstitutionally vague by the U.S. Supreme Court.)

The trial was an education for Jensen, as well as for his two Naval attorneys, Charles Pope and Jack Blackmon. Jensen and his lawyers were dedicated to the Navy; they believed in its traditions and were confident in the integrity of its officers. They believed the Navy would never allow the case to go to trial. When it did go to trial, and when the evidence began to mount that a frame-up was in the works, they were shocked. Each new perfidy committed by the Navy disillusioned them further, until even the attorneys were convinced that the Navy was no longer the institution they had served and loved for most of their adult lives.

The court-martial was a brutal affair. The private lives of Jensen, his wife, and the two accusers were laid bare, held up to public scrutiny, and mercilessly picked apart by both the prosecution and the defense. In the end, the evidence was found to be so inconsistent (witnesses continually placed Jensen somewhere else when the women claimed to have been in a motel with him, and dozens of character witnesses appeared to testify to Jensen's rectitude) that the Chaplain was found not guilty. Still, Jensen believes that the only reason justice was secured is that the officers serving on the jury were high enough in the command structure to be immune from influence by local officers.

Even after his exoneration, the authorities at Cecil Field saw fit to have him removed. During his trial his assistants (who actively supported his accusers) moved up to take his place, and Jensen was barred from his old chapel. Nor was he given the promotion denied him during the trial, and of course no effort was made to pay him back the thousands of dollars in legal fees incurred during the year's ordeal. As a last act of spite, the local command refused to allow a group from Jensen's congregation to use the base for a fund-raising effort in his behalf.

After cooling his heels for several months, Jensen was posted to the U.S. Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, where he is once again performing the duties of chaplain.

Jensen's is a simple story, and he tells it in a simple, even plodding manner. It is all the more scary for its simplicity, and because it happened to one so willing to believe in the goodness of his government and his military superiors. Jensen is no longer so willing to believe; he does not say so, but I suspect that he no longer supports Richard M. Nixon (to whom he appealed in vain during his trial), and perhaps he even doubts the wisdom of his earlier attitudes toward the war. At any rate, Jensen's

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THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE to Free South Vietnamese Political Prisoners from Detention, Torture and Death, 122 W. Franklin, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404) urges letters and telegrams to Senators and Representatives to make U.S. economic aid to Saigon contingent upon formation of a Council of National Reconciliation and Concord and release of ALL political prisoners.

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experience is yet another reminder, if we needed any more, of what awesome power resides in the United States Government, and of how many of its current employees are willing to use that power for the foulest ends.

IN BRIEF

THE REVERENT DISCIPLINE: ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM AND CULTURE *by George A. Panichas. University of Tennessee Press, $16.95.* Every page of this large volume demonstrates its author's passionate prejudices: Mr. Paniches defends, with Matthew Arnold, the need "to learn and propagate the best that is known"; he believes in the dependence of civilization on the preservation of its cultural monuments, absolute standards of excellence, and a continuity of critical discrimination; and he deplores, from an unmistakable perspective of Christian-humanism, the loss of the spiritual dimension in modern life. In a sense all of his essays—whether they be investigations of the thought of overtly religious writers like Simone Weil or covertly religious ones like D. H. Lawrence, assessments of the work of teachers and critics like F. R. Leavis, G. Wilson Knight, and Vivian de Sola Pinto, or reflections on the writer and society or the literature of Edwardian England—constitute an effort to separate what matters and what will endure from the mass of ephemera surrounding it.

Mr. Panichas seems to have read everything ever written, and on occasion he seems too eager to prove that he has done so. His desire may be simply to assert as fully as possible the tradition to which he belongs, but there is an overabundance of citations from other writers, often where no authority is really needed for a particular point, and the arguments of one or two essays appear largely determined by the amount of erudition that had to be worked in. This minor objection does not apply, however, to the best essays here—on Weil, Lawrence, and Dostoevsky—which are as exciting for their critical perspicacity as for their moral intensity. MARK TAYLOR

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 347)

Simon and Schuster, 1973, p. 251.)

Lauder has noted that he contrasts Greene and Percy not because their visions are contradictory but because their emphases are different. I would suggest that a close analysis of Greene's latest novel will reveal a shift in this writer's emphasis that is significant enough to merit consideration in contemporary discussion of Catholic fiction.

A final note: Although for reasons of her own Jean Kellogg spelled her name "Gene" on the title page of *The Vital Tradition: The Catholic Novel in a Period of Convergence*, which Lauder so rightly terms an "excellent study," it should be pointed out, for the record,

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that she is a woman. [*See "Letters," Nov. 22—Ed.*] In fact, Ms. Kellogg is the only woman presently teaching at the University of Chicago Divinity School. If present-day women's liberationists would rather have seen her assert her feminine identity as well as her confessional bias in this scholarly volume, we can at least lament with her the reality factors that entered into the decision to emulate other talented women who have found it expedient to publish under masculine names.

S. ANNE E. PATRICK, SNJM

P.S. It was Greene's endorsement on your promotion flier that got me to subscribe last summer!

New Wine, Old Biases

Ottawa, Ontario

To the Editors: I am dismayed by Michael McCauley's harsh attitude towards the charismatic movement (Review, James W. Jones, *Filled With New Wine*, Nov. 29).

He seems to proceed from a negative bias that is hope-less: we illusion-free realists really know that nothing new can happen, that we must accept man and God as they are. Is this not an implicit despair, an unconscious denial of the Resurrection and openness to the God who comes, and continually?

Brother Steindl-Rast, O.S.B. pointed out recently (*Worship*, Aug.-Sept., 1974, pp. 382-89.) that the liturgical movement originally came from outside the hierarchy, but became a renewal integrated within the whole church.

It's too early to say this can't happen with the charismatic movement.

(REV.) BARRY MC GRORY

Brussels

To the Editors: I have read with genuine interest Mr. McCauley's review of James W. Jones' book, *Filled with New Wine* [Nov. 29].

It contains however two statements which need rectification. 1. As a close theological collaborator to Cardinal Suenens, I can testify that his "endorsement" of the charismatic renewal is by no means naive and unqualified (see his latest book, soon available in English: *A New Pentecost*?) 2. The Cardinal has *never* announced "he will only accept speaking engagements that permit him to hold forth on Pentecostalism." Your reviewer may therefore be reassured: "liberal Suenens" has not been "conned" in this matter. Others might have. (REV.) P. LEBEAU, S.J.

Outdated Symbolism

Ventura, Calif.

To the Editors: First, Michael Novak is mistaken when he says that women, in seeking the priesthood, "are not . . . asking for liberation" [Nov. 29]. The essence of women's liberation is the possibility of making a choice.

Second, the women's liberation movement submits that aside from basic biologic differences men and women have human differences which cannot be assigned to one sex exclusively. Differences such as competitiveness and aggression are not of the essence of masculinity but rather are foisted on all males by society and pose somewhat of a heavy burden on those males who are not these things and on women who are. The thrust is for human characteristics as manifested in the diversity of individuals.

This means that rather than worrying over a civilization, for example, as being pitched toward the symbols of masculinity defined as the all-*mastering*, competitive, and aggressive spirit, it becomes necessary to not accept this definition out of hand but to look to the premises underlying the definition.

In short: look to what the symbolism rests on. It seems not to rest on a biologic base but on a social one. Rather than focusing on a false base it is necessary to see that these dichotomies of feminine and masculine in the social realm are undergoing rigorous scrutiny, are not bearing up well under it, and are approaching dissolution.

If gentleness, patience, humility, and kindness of the early Christians were clearly perceived as affronts to the (then) current image of masculine perfection, let's give a belated cheer for Jesus, acknowledging that the revolution he started (the new law) is ready to be implemented in 1975 A.D. It will allow males and females to be human.

So the Catholic symbolism—and all symbolism—based on "masculine and feminine" needs to be looked at anew in the light of current awareness.

MARY BOLAND

REVIEWERS

DENNIS O'BRIEN, a professor of Philosophy, is the author of *Hegel on Reason and History* (U. of Chicago Press).

CARLO WEBER is Chief of the Division of Training and Consultation at the Los Angeles Department of Mental Health.

DENNIS HALE is a free-lance writer living in Boston.

MARK TAYLOR is an associate professor of English at Manhattan College.

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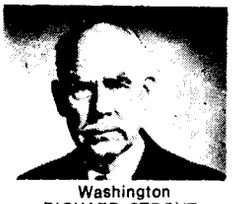

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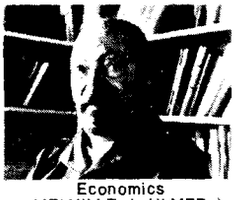

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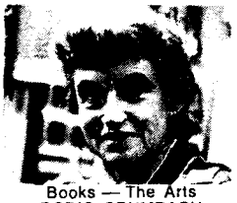

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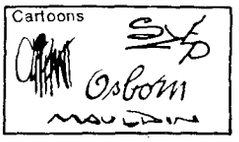

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